The Centre Reporter.

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CRISIS AT HAND

THE PRESIDENT GIVES HIS VIEWS ON TARIFF.

Unless a Compromise is Effected the Obnoxious McKinley Law Will Remain in Effect.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Since the beginning of time great men have upon momentous occasions resorted to extraordinary methods of focusing public attention upon certain things. One of those occasions was when President Cleveland's letter to Chairman Wilson, pointing out the betrayal of the Democratic party by certain of the Senate amendments and urging him and his colleagues on the part of the House to stand by the House bill, which is strictly in accordance with the principles professed by a long line of Democratic national platforms. There are Democrats who regret that the necessity arose for writing and for making public such a letter, but it is not difficult for even the most indifferent observer to see that the rank and file of the Democratic party is behind President Cleveland and the House, and consequently opposed to the hand full of Democratic Senators who forced the acceptance of undemocratic amendments upon their colleagues.

As matters now stand it is in the power of that hand full of Democratic Senators to prevent any tariff legislation and leave the obnoxious McKinley law on the statute books, and some of them have gone so far as to publicly announce that they would vote against any report made from the conference that changed the Senate amendments, but the hope still remains that they will after careful thought discover that Senator Hill spoke words of wisdom when he told them that they were wrong and President Cleveland right and that sooner or later they would be compelled to surrender, because the President in demanding that the tariff bill provide for free raw materials was but reiterating the demand to day, and for years past, of ninety-five per cent of the Democratic party. The Conference committee will again try to reach an agreement this week, but it must be admitted that the prospects for success are not promising, although some of the most level headed Democrats in both House and Senate are earnestly working to calm the irritation and arouse the party fealty of those Democrats who feel personally aggrieved at the tone and language of President Cleveland's letter.

The House passed on Saturday by a vote of 137 to 49—a two-thirds vote being required—The Tucker resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution, for the election of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people. This is the second time the House has put itself on record on this question, but the Senate has never even taken it up seriously and there is little probability that it will do so now, although there are a dozen or more Senators who have publicly endorsed the idea.

It is but an act of justice for the House to pass the bill authorizing the Post Master General to reinstate without examination or certification by the Civil Service Commission any person who was dismissed from the Railway Mail Service between March 15, and May 1, 1889, or who was dismissed from the service after the last named date, upon any order made prior thereto.

It is well known that hundreds of competent and efficient Democrats were dismissed between the dates named, just after the Harrison administration came into power, in order that their places might be filled by Republicans before the service passed under civil service rules in accordance with President Cleveland's order issued just before the close of the first administration, and such of those Democrats who wish to reenter the service certainly have a good claim to the vacancies without having to go through the civil service mill.

No appointment made by President Cleveland has been more cordially approved than that of Representative Breckinridge, of Ark., to be Minister to Russia. The nomination was promptly confirmed by the Senate, but Mr. Breckinripge will not resign his seat in the House until Congress adjourns.

Senator Gray, chairman of the Investigating committee, has been misrepresented in connection with the reopening of the sugar trust investigation. He has been anxious from the first to get at the whole truth, no matter who it might affect, and when a representative of the New York *Herald*, which made the charge that some Senators committed perjury in testifying that they had not purchased stock in the sugar trust, agreed to furnish the names of witnesses who could throw light on that charge, Mr. Gray at once accepted the offer on behalf of the committee, and the investigation was reopened. Instead of antagonizing the newspaper men by trying to compel them to violate confidence reposed in them the committee will endeavor to secure their cooperation in obtaining witnesses who can talk if they will.

Salted for Eight Months.

At Los Angeles John Howarth and Martin Kelly, on trial for contempt before Judge Ross for violating an injunction on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, were sentenced to eight months each in the county jail.

At St. Paul the federal and grand jury returned indictments against sixty strikers and others for interference with the mails during the strike on the Northwestern railroads. Bench warrants have been issued but no names will be made public until the arrests are made.

At Chicago the drag net of the federal law was cast into the waters and when the ropes were drawn out and it was pulled ashore it was found to contain no less than twenty-nine indictments charging offenses against the interstate commerce act and the laws relating to the transportation of the United States mails against forty-three individuals.

The grand jury announced that it had concluded its labors, and the foreman handed to Judge Seaman a batch of manuscript two feet high, which it was said contained indictments for everybody connected with the railroad strike in this district.

The court fixed the bail on each of the indictments in the sum of $10,000 against each and every individual concerned.

4th of July Fun.

A party of fellows at Port Royal who desired to let their patriotism run mostly to noise on the 4th, planned to appropriate a quantity of dynamite which they knew was stored in a certain place. They were betrayed, however, and the owner of the dynamite learning of their intentions removed the dynamite quietly and filled the box with stones. Then he laid in wait and when one of the patriots had started with the box he suddenly gave chase, hurrying the parties with several shots from a revolver. The chase was a close one and the fellow with the box was afraid to drop it for fear of results. Finally when the chase had been kept up for nearly half a mile the pursuer desisted, while the other fellows were more hot and exhausted than patriotic, and the worst of it is the affair has become generally known there.

Served His Time.

Two weeks ago the last of the bohemian oats swindlers served his term in the penitentiary. Pity all the agents and stool pigeons of that infamous swindle of farmers did not live in Ohio, every son of 'em would have gone to states prison, where they belong. Farmers should organize for the prosecution of every sort of swindlers of their class; this was done by Ohio farmers, and since the Bohemian oats chaps got their dues swindlers are letting Ohio farmers alone. The gang in this section was a branch of the Ohio swindlers, and some of its victims are still here to complain of the wrong done them.

New Way to Catch a Man.

The Winchester girls have discussed the yellow garter and the pillow stuffed with love letters, and have discovered a new and sure scheme to ensnare the wily Clark county youths, as is evidenced by the following paragraph from the Democrat: "The latest superstition is that if a girl takes the small bow which fastens the lining of a man's hat and wears it inside her shoe, she will have a proposal from the youth within a month. The success of the scheme may be open to question, but it is proving very destructive to hats."

Beware of Fruit Skins.

With regard to the eating of fruit an important caution must be given: Fruit skins carry germs, and are no more intended for human sustenance than potato skins, melon rinds or pea pods. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, that of the grape only less so, and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find most favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development, which causes the decay of the fruit before it is possible to digest it. This is the reason that many persons think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard that skin, they would derive only good from the fruit itself.

—The low rate offered by the Penna. R. R. for an Excursion to the Sea Shore August 1st is in accord with the times and every one should embrace this opportunity to take a dip in the great Atlantic Ocean.

—Subscribe for the REPORTER.

ROBERT M. FOSTER.

This week we present our readers with an excellent portrait and brief biography of Robert M. Foster, of College township, who was placed on the Democratic county ticket this year for the position of member of Legislature of Penna.

Robert M. Foster was born at State College. In 1849 his father, Robert McCay Foster, moved from "Fosters Store House," Union county to what was then known as Farmers' High School. He, with his brother Wm., bought three hundred acres of farm land in College township. They improved the land and continued farming until the breaking out of the late war at which time the father raised company C, 148 Reg., of which he was made captain. He remained in active service until his death, which took place in the wheat field, at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863. Though gladly giving himself to the cause, he was never the less a firm and true Democrat whose faith grew stronger as the war progressed.

Of the three sons, Thomas, William and Robert, the latter is the youngest. His early life was spent on his father's farm and during that time took advantage of a college course. His brilliant record as a student was appreciated, for as soon as he was graduated he was given a position as book-keeper in a wholesale house in Philadelphia. The position had limitations and he soon gave it up for that of salesman for one of the largest wholesale grocery houses in that city, in whose employment he has been since 1881.

Though employed as salesman, he spends much of his time on their farm, which he oversees. He has proven a success at farming as well as salesman, and the "Foster Farm" is a thing of which College township has good reasons to feel proud.

His career has been characterized as uneventful, because he has not been known by every man in the county; because he has had no sensation to make him prominent, and is lacking in the romantic incidents which make some biographies fascinating. But if less brilliant and eventful than that of the lives of some other men who have been members of our legislature or who have aspired to that exalted station, he possesses the ability as a student, farmer and business man of wide experience to fill the position in a manner that will reflect credit upon his constituency.

The career of Robert M. Foster is typical of our time and our country; and in its few pages the youth of our land will find a story of trial, struggle and triumph—inspiring the highest ideals and teaching the truest lessons of citizenship.

The Russian Thistle's Bill.

The *Chronicle-Telegraph* says the foolish bill appropriating a million dollars for the extermination of the Russian thistle is declared by Secretary Morton to be utterly futile, wickedly wasteful and of no earthly account unless the communities in which the pestilential growth makes its appearance systematically cooperate. The thistle has spread throughout the two Dakotas, Wyoming, Minnesota and other states, but it can well be imagined that hiring men, women and boys for exterminating the weed, would not do any more than draw the million out of Uncle Sam's pockets. Such work has to be done radically, or not at all.

DID NOT SPEAK TO HIS WIFE.

For Twenty Years the Couple Lived Together in Peace.

John Hunt, who died recently at Zekonk, Mass., had not spoken to his wife for twenty years. Five or six years after their marriage Hunt wished to sell a piece of ground. His wife's signature was needed to the conveyance, but she refused to give it. Hunt at once became sullen and refused to speak to her. Thinking to please him and bring about tranquility in the family circle she at last told him she would sign the conveyance. He did not answer her, but let her sign. He did not even speak to her upon his dying bed.

A WATER TICKET

THE PROHIBS HOLD THEIR CONVENTION.

Bellefonte the Scene of the Pow-wow.—The Party Over Head in Debt.—The Ticket Put Up.

The Prohibition county convention was held on Tuesday. I. Ziegler, of Philipsburg, was chairman. A quartette from Philipsburg, Messrs. J. B. Gill, Isacc Bower, R. A. Gill and Rev. N. O. Patterson sang a temperance song in fine style.

The convention was organized by electing Rev. J. B. Soule chairman, and N. S. Baily secretary.

Messrs. F. Potts Green, A. B. Smith, J. I. Thompson, A. J. Cook and Isaac Guss were appointed a committee on resolutions.

The chairman complained of a scant treasury, and said the expense of the chairman of the spring election was $1.63, and the vote was almost equal to the cents spent. The chairman said that money did not come in very copiously and the party was cramped for funds.

A collection was then held and $52 were realized.

Rev. G. W. Leisher, Edward K. Rhoads and J. W. Mattern were appointed an auditing committee.

Judicial conferees chosen were C. H. Else, of Milesburg; Samuel Shaeffer and C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte. They were instructed for H. T. Ames, of Williamsport, for Judge.

As Senatorial conferees J. W. Mattern, C. C. Hess and Dr. Isaac Guss were appointed.

The following ticket was then put in nomination:

Jury commissioner, W. W. Bell.

Associate Judge, Jacob Shuey, of College township.

Assembly, Thomas Young, of Philipsburg, and John Craig, of Julian.

The Senatorial conferees were instructed for Rev. J. B. Soule.

A Test Case.

The Philipsburg *Journal* says, a great many persons have the idea that when called upon to assist an officer in making an arrest it is a matter of no concern whether they report or not. On Sunday, when Jesse Nichols was being arrested for one of his customary escapades, at which time he became somewhat obstreperous, Messrs. Harrison, Kirk and E. White were called on to assist. This they refused to do, and Burgess Bogler has since made information against them. Mr. Kirk left town on business before the paper was served but Mr. White was placed under arrest and held for his appearance at the next term of court. We have been told of a case similar to this which came up in Clearfield court several years ago, when the young man who had refused to assist in the arrest was fined and forced to pay the costs, amounting in all to about fifty dollars. By this it will be seen that the experiment is a costly one.

Bellefonte Property at Stake.

The Williamsport *Sun* says at Erie, on July 17, the United States marshall for the western district of Pennsylvania offered for sale nearly half a million dollars worth of property situated in Bellefonte borough and Spring township adjoining, the principal bulk consisting of the Bush house, the Bush arcade, the McClain block, a three-story dwelling house, a tract of 100 acres of land in Spring township, adjoining the borough, one-third of which is laid out in city lots, on which are erected seventeen two-story dwelling houses. The sale is on a judgment rendered in the United States circuit court in favor of A. C. Moore, of Norfolk, Va. After the demise of the late D. G. Bush the same property was sold on execution of judgment creditors and purchased by Jacob Tomb, of Port Deposit, Md., and conveyed by him to Mrs. D. G. Bush, executrix of her husband's estate, the judgment of Mr. Moore not being obtained until after the sale of the sheriff.

A. C. Moore, who is now deceased, was for many years a resident of Williamsport, and it is thought his heirs will purchase the property and then bring a suit of ejectment to test the title. A long and tedious law suit is in prospect for the Bush estate.

War.

China and Japan talk about going to war about the island of Corea, which both desire to have control of. It is a separate kingdom, and a dispute has been going on for some time about affairs in the island, and it looks as if hostilities will begin within a short time.

—The low rates offered by the P. R. R. for an Excursion to the Sea Shore, August 1st, will allow excursiodists to go to either Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, Ocean City, Anglesea or Wildwood.

—Subscribe for the REPORTER.

LOW RATE.

Sea Shore Excursion via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on August 1st, an unusually low rate excursion will be given persons desiring to visit the Sea Shore, and it promises to be the most popular tour of the season. The round trip rates are as follows: Lock Haven and McElhattan, $5.50; Pine and Jersey Shore, $5.25; Newberry and Williamsport, $5.00; Muncy and Montgomery, $4.50; Watsontown, $4.20; Milton, Mifflinburg, Lewisburg, Montandon and points east, $4.00. Tickets will be good going August 1 on regular train 14, leaving Lock Haven 7.15 a. m., Mifflinburg, 8.38 a. m. Passengers will have the privilege of stopping over night in Philadelphia and resume their journey on any regular train for the Sea Shore. Tickets will be good to return within ten days from the date of issue, and good for passage to either Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, Ocean City, Anglesea or Wildwood, and good to stop over in Philadelphia in either direction within limits. For further particulars apply to ticket agents.

JUDGE COOLEY TO THE PRESIDENT.

Thanking Him for His Action in Regard to the Rioters.

Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, ex-chairman of the inter-state commerce commission, whose eminent standing as an authority on constitutional law gives great value to his opinion, has written to the president as follows:

"Ann Arbor, Mich., July 15.—President Grover Cleveland, Honored Sir: Now, that the great strike, in which your official intervention became necessary, has been clearly shown to be a failure, I beg to be allowed to express my unqualified satisfaction with every step you have taken in the vindication of national authority and with the restoration of law and order which has followed, or is now in progress. The caution and deliberation with which you have proceeded, are, I think, worthy, like the accompanying firmness of highest praise, and I am especially gratified that a great and valuable lesson on constitutional construction has been settled for all time with remarkably little bloodshed. You and the attorney general also have won the gratitude of the country, not for this genaration only, but for all time, and that God may bless you for it is the sincere prayer of your obedient servant.

THOMAS M. COOLEY.

In a Hollow Tree.

Woodsmen at work in the Sinclair forest in Fulton county, Ind., solved a mystery which has perplexed that community for many months. In chopping down the hollow stump of a tree, some 12 feet in height, the men were horrified to come upon a skeleton, which proved to be that of John Robbins, a former well known sportsman. Robbins left on Aug. 13, 1893, to take a hunt, and was not seen after entering the woods.

Beside his remains a note was found stating that he had fallen into the cavity while looking for raccoons and had been unable to get out. After starving five days and suffering terribly he had shot himself through the brain to end his agony. The marks of his finger nails were all about the stump's interior, showing the frenzy with which he struggled to escape.

The Biggest United States Map.

One of the most attractive features of the old Broad Street station was the big map of the country painted on the wall of the generel waiting room, where it was always viewed with much interest. It disappeared in the generel tearing out of the old quarter but will have a worthy successor in a new map which the Pennsylvania railroad officials contemplate having painted in the new station. This will be a monster, 115 feet long and fifteen feet wide, and will be the biggest thing of the kind in the world. It is to be painted on canvas, and will adorn the Filbert street side of the great waiting room. Not only will it show the Pennsylvania system and its connections, but all of the country as well, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada.—Philadelphia *Record*.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the mouey to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the Remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by Wm. Pealer, Spring Mills.

—Make all your arrangements to take the trip to the Sea Shore via the Penna. R. R., August 1st.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE

Hair of a Mifflin County Boy Turned Gray By Fright.

Leroy Williamson, the 16-year-old son of a farmer living some miles from Lewistown, had a startling adventure last Sunday morning, from the effects of which he is still confined to his bed, and which has actually turned the boy's hair gray in places. Young Williamson had taken his gun to do a little shooting on the mountain just back of his father's farm, and finally got a shot at a rabbit, which ran on down the incline, which was unusually steep just at that spot.

The boy still popping away at the animal whenever he caught sight of him, started in pursuit, runing as fast as he could. But just at the steepest side of the mountain, and where the thin soil had for the most part been washed away, exposing the smooth rock, his foot caught in some trailing vine and he fell, beginning to roll down towards the bottom of the ravine between the mountain on which he was and the next, and where ran the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The boy was considerably bruised, but by dint of catching at the shrubs and vines that grew near he managed to break his fall as he went and was not seriously alarmed until his ear was suddenly startled by the sound of a coming train. He grasped at every plant near him, but the soil being extremely thin none had struck root sufficiently deep to afford him a hold for more than a second or two at a time, while the stone was too smooth to do much towards checking his downward course.

As the train came rushing on, seeming to jar the earth and to precipitate him still faster, the now terror-stricken boy dug his hands and roughly booted feet into the mountain side. If he had been able to guess at the moment when the train would pass beneath him, he might have accelerated his movements so as to land below before the iron monster reached the spot, and either find some small nook in which to crouch as the train passed or scramble up some less steep incline of the mountain, but he found it impossible to guage the distance at which he heard the rumbling wheels, and feared to drop lest at that very moment the train come whizzing around the curve just ahead. But he was falling steadily all the while, anyhow, though still catching at everything that promised him support, hoping to find some hold to which he could cling until the horror that threatened him had come and gone.

Nearer and nearer he rolled to the foot of the mountain, gathering impetus as he went, and then the hot air from the engine smote his face, the cinders blinded him, he made a frantic dig into the earth and bounced off the mountain onto the track below just as the last car whizzed by him, and which missed him by scarcely a foot. Young Williamson says that he fainted just as he felt the wind from the vanishing car touch his face, and that for minutes he was too weak to move, even after consciousness returned to him.

When at last he was able to get up he was obliged to almost crawl to a hut a hundred yards or so from where he had fallen, and on reaching it literally crept in on his hands and knees to the great surprise of the occupant of the hut. Here he fainted again and had finally to be carried home in a wagon. He was not able to tell his story for some time, and by the following day his hair was gray about the temples. The boy is a sturdy, unimaginative farmer's lad, but his nerves have received a shock from which it will be weeks before they recover.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believed the child's life was saved by this remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by Wm. Pealer, Spring Mills.

—The Penna. Railroad Co. has arranged for a special excursion to the Sea Shore, August 1st, taking in all the popular resorts on the South Atlantic Coast. The trip will no doubt be an enjoyable one.

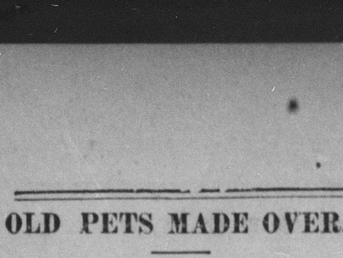
—Whether you want a suit made of order or one ready-made, you will find Lewins $3 to $5 cheaper than elsewhere. Has new spring styles just opened. Largest assortment in Central Penna from which to select.

OLD PETS MADE OVER.

AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY THEY APPEAR AS IF ALIVE.

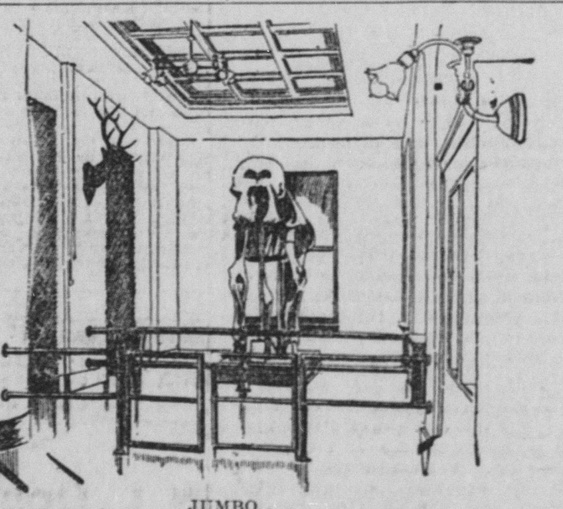
The Vicious Old Elephant Will Be Stuffed Like Other Park Animals Which Died Before Him.

Few New Yorkers appreciate the mine of information and entertainment that they have at their command in the American Museum of Natural History. The immense museum building in its park between 77th and 81st streets, and Columbus and Eighth avenues, is a familiar sight to all, but of the interior and its contents it is surprising what a large proportion of old New Yorkers are blissfully ignorant. How many people are there who know what becomes of their old pets at the Central Park "Zoo" after they are missed from their cages and reported as among the long list of the dead?



BUFFALO COW AND CALF.

Would it not surprise a great many of those who were on terms of familiarity with Crowley, the almost human chimpanzee, which attracted so much attention for several years at the Park menagerie; with Kitty, his mate, whose antics when she was first introduced to her future lord and master, were all told in the newspapers; with Bombe, the great unwieldly rhinoceros which was fed every day by an admiring fringe of awed visitors who surrounded his huge swimming tank; with dear old Jumbo, upon whose broad back half the children of New York were carried around Madison Square Garden; or with Tip, the vicious old elephant, which had such a long record of crimes committed, "with malice and intent aforethought"—would it not surprise the old friends of these former pets to suddenly come upon them all now, years after they have passed away, standing in the museum, in their accustomed positions, just as they did in their days of former glory?



JUMBO.

It is intended by the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History to some day extend the building until it almost entirely fills the park in which it now stands. Up to this year, however, there was found to be enough space for all the exhibits available within the limits of the single wing completed, that facing on 77th street. This year a second wing has been building, however, and when it is completed and opened to the public the facilities of the museum will be nearly doubled. There are now in the possession of the institution enough exhibits to fill both wings, and additions are constantly being received.

This new wing is being built on the southeast corner of the plot of ground and connecting with the old building. It will be a five-story structure faced with red granite, like the other wing. It will be 70 feet deep and have a frontage on 77th street of 175 feet. The work on this addition is progressing rapidly, and it was said at the museum last week that all but the interior work on it would be completed by the first of next November. The woodwork, plastering, show-cases and installation of specimens will take several months more, so that it is hardly expected that the public will be admitted before the early part of next summer.

When it is allowed this privilege the change that will have occurred in the museum will astonish even the oldest frequenters of the place. The classification, as at present arranged, by floors will be retained, and the collections extended out through the new building as well as the old. There are already a number of exhibits at the museum which cannot be shown for lack of accommodation, and these, with many others, which are expected before the new building is completed, will be found within the walls of the new wing when it is opened.

The Museum has many other "irons in the fire." It has collectors in its employ in both Mexico and Peru. The explorer down in Mexico made his first trip some time ago, and sent up the results of his work this winter from Arizona. He went then from the northern part of Mexico to the central part of the country. His present trip is from the central part of the western coast down to the southern. In this expedition he will take in many cities of the ancient cliff-dwellers, as well as those of the Aztecs, and his collection is expected to be a very fine one. The specimens from his first trip have arrived at the Museum, but they have not been unpacked as yet, for there is no room to exhibit them. They will be shown when the new building is opened.

But the most interesting part of the work at the Museum—at least, the most interesting to the general public—is that which is carried on down on the ground floor in the taxidermists' department, and in the room of the osteologists — that is where the skeleton and bones are mounted. There the work of preparing for exhibition, the animals which die at the Park Zoo, and those which are presented to the Museum, is carried on. A force of men is kept constantly at work under Taxidermist John Rowley, cleaning, preparing and mounting the skins of specimens for exhibition. It was to this department of the Museum that the carcass of the murdered Tip was given after the vicious old brute had received his quietus. The work of preparing the hide and bones of the former pet of the Central Park Zoo and the terror of his keepers, was a difficult one and will take many months.

Tip was skinned at once in the cage where he was killed, and the flesh carried off and dumped into the river. The skin was taken to the museum to be prepared for mounting, while the bones were sent into the country to be macerated. They now lie in tanks of water up in this State near Scoharie, slowly rotting off the flesh, to prepare them for being mounted. The hide was at once taken to the basement of the museum and a force of men set at work paring it down for mounting. An important group of moose was in preparation when the skin of old Tip arrived, so his mounting had to be delayed. The skin, when cleaned and thinned down somewhat with drawer-knives, was put away in the cellar to soak in an antiseptic solution. The moose group will occupy the attention of the taxidermists for some months to come, so it is not expected that the work of mounting Tip's hide will begin until the first of next year. Then it will be put through at once, and will be on exhibition early next Spring.

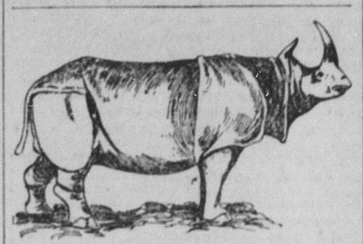
The skeleton of Jumbo, Barnum's giant elephant, has been loaned to the Museum by James A. Bailey Mr. Barnum's successor, and his mounted hide will soon be in the Museum as well. It is thought to be very doubtful if either will be taken away again. When the new wing is opened next year the present position of the buffalo group in "Mammal Hall" will be given over to the exhibition of these two elephants. Jumbo was an African elephant, while Tip was a specimen of the Indian variety, and both are very fine examples of their different breeds.

One of the finest and most recent additions to "Mammal Hall" is the group of buffaloes. This is composed of seven specimens, including different ages and sexes of the American bison, all mounted in a life-like manner, with accessories and surroundings made from studies made on the plains, and all inclosed in a huge glass case. The big cow with the little calf by her side was presented to the museum by Buffalo Bill. These two specimens died at his Wild West camp at Erastina, S. I., two or three summers ago.

As a companion piece to the buffalo group, the taxidermists are now at work on a group of moose. This will be the masterpiece of the collection, and Mr. Rowley is taking wonderful pains to have it correct in every particular. There will be seven specimens in this group also, and all but two were secured by museum expeditions. One big cow was presented to the museum by Dr. Edgar A. Mearus, a surgeon in the United States Army, stationed at Fort Snelling, in Minnesota. Mr. John L. Cox, of Philadelphia, presented a second cow to the collection.

The largest specimen of all, an enormous bull with antlers spreading five feet from tip to tip, was shot by Taxidermist Rowley himself, up in the wilds of the Province of New Brunswick, last October.

The last piece of work done by the osteologists under William Richardson, who is head of that department, was the mounting of the skeleton of Bombe, the great wrinkled rhinoceros, which died at Central Park "Zoo" in 1886. The hide had been stuffed and mounted two years or so ago, but the bones were set up only last Saturday in "Mammal Hall." Bombe was an Indian one-horned rhinoceros, and originally possessed a long horn that he was doubtless very proud of, but his keepers in captivity decided that his hugh tusk was dangerous to his visitors and themselves, as well as to his cage, and it was gradually sawed off closer and closer, until at his death Bombe had only a short knob left. This omission has been supplied with an imported horn, taken from some more fortunate rhinoceros out in India and shipped to New York for Bombe's special benefit.



THE RHINOCEROS "BOMBE."

One special feature of this specimen which Taxidermist Rowley called attention to was the beautiful wrinkles in the skin. These might not ordinarily be looked upon as great attractions, but Mr. Rowley says that Bombe is the first rhinocerous in this country to enjoy the distinction of having wrinkles in his hide after death, and that they were put in there only after the greatest trouble. Long iron rods had to be placed under the skin in the places where the ridges were in life, in order to keep the wrinkles from being smoothed out.

One of the most attractive cases to the many children who visit the museum is that which contains the stuffed bodies of their two former pets at the old Zoo—Crowley and his fiancee, Kitty, the two chimpanzees which died in captivity at the Park. Crowley has been mounted and on exhibition for some time, though Kitty is a comparatively recent addition to the museum. She died, it will be remembered, of a broken heart, and, incidentally, a complication of other and more serious bodily ills, in 1880.

New features are constantly being added to the museum's stock, and when the new wing is opened next year, and the capacity of the building is increased, as it will be, there will be many new collections to be seen there. At any rate, it will even now well repay any one to make a visit to New York's great Museum of Natural History.

At the Top of Pike's Peak.

The view from the peak once beheld, can never be forgotten. The first sensation is that of complete isolation. The silence is profound. The clouds are below us, and noiselessly break in foaming billows against the faces of the beetling cliffs. Occasionally the silence is broken by the deep roll of thunder from the depths beneath, as though the voice of the Creator were uttering a stern edict of destruction. The storm rises, the mists envelop us, there is a rush of wind, a rattle of hail, and we seek refuge in the hotel. Pause a moment before entering and hold up your hands. You can feel the sharp tingle of the electric current as it escapes from your fingertips. The storm is soon over, and you can see the sunbeams gilding the upper surfaces of the white clouds that sway and swing below you, half way down the mountain sides, and completely hide from view the world beneath. The scenery shifts; like a drawn curtain the clouds part, and, as from heights of another sphere, we look forth upon the majesty of the mountains and the plains. An ocean of inextricably entangled peaks sweeps into view. Forests dark and vast seem like vague shadows on distant mountain sides. A city is dwarfed into the compass of a single block; watercourses are mere threads of silver laid in graceful curves upon the green velvet mantle of the endless plains. The red granite rocks beneath our feet are starred with tiny flowers, so minute that they are almost microscopic, yet tinted with the most delicate and tender colors. The majesty of greatness and the mystery of minuteness are here brought face to face. It is in vain that one strives to describe the scene. Only those who have beheld it can realize its grandeur and magnificence.—[Cassier's Magazine.

Sparrows Kill Locusts.

The English sparrow, which has been voted an unmitigated nuisance in this country, seems to have at least one redeeming trait. He loves to kill the seventeen-year locust. It is reported from Woodbridge, N. J., where the locusts are superabundant, that the sparrow hes evidently declared war on them, and has killed large numbers of them. The sparrows do not seem to care to eat the locusts, but appear to enjoy killing them, which they do by picking out their eyes. When these are gone, the locusts speedily drop to the ground and die.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Antidote for Cyanide of Potash.

One of the deadliest and most subtle poisons known to the pharmacopaeia is cyanide of potash. It is now reported that a Hungarian chemist, Dr. Johann Antal, has discovered a sure antidote for it, the efficacy of which he has proved in numerous cases, first on animals and afterwards on more than forty living persons, who had been accidentally poisoned with prussic acid. The antidote did not fail in a single instance. The antidote is a newly-discovered chemical compound, nitrate of cobalt.—[New Orleans Picayune.

OCEAN CABLES.

FOURTEEN OF THEM CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

How the Continents Were First Connected By Telegraph--Materials Comprising Submarine Cables--Cost of Cabling.

Of the fourteen submarine cables which lie at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, connecting the United States with Europe, the oldest now in use, according to the New York News, is that laid in 1873. It is 21 years ago to-day since that elephantine monster, the cumbersome side-wheeler Great Eastern, compieted the laying of the first 50 miles of the cable westward from Valentia, on the southwest coast of England.

There are now over 1,500 telegraph cables under water in the different parts of the world, 1,277 of which connect wilh London, and thus indirectly with this country. These measure in length 178,000 miles, and as several of the longest contain two or three conductors, they make in all over half a million miles in length of copper wire, sufficient to go around the earth 20 times. Only a small fraction is owned by the different European Governments, the bulk being in the hands of private concerns, capitalized for nearly $200,000,000. The British Government naturally has more cables under water than any other nation. They are 118 in number, and bring the most remote portions of Hindostan or other obscure points in British India in as quick touch with the Government at London, as is Cork, Ireland.

The Pacific Ocean, wildly picturesque with its thousands of fathoms of water which cover up an uneven and mountainous bottom, abounding in huge precipices and yawning chasms, has defied human cable ingenuity. The sea is copper-bound from New York and Halifax eastward to Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, the Black, the Red, the Arabian seas and the Indian Ocean, but the great Pacific remains still free unless a short line from Sydney, Australia, to New Zealand, is considered as in this ocean.

As almost everybody knows, the first Atlantic cable was laid with money raised by Cyrus W. Field. He went abroad from here in 1856, and a company was formed in London, the cable made, and on August 7, 1857, the ship Agamemnon belonging to the British Government, and the United States steam frigate Niagara left Valentia, Ireland, with the cable, which was paid out over a wooden drum. On the fourth day out the cable parted and the end was lost in water two miles deep. That which had been sunk was 335 miles long. After two more unsuccessful attempts in the early summer of 1858, thirty-six years ago, the great work was accomplished, communication being opened on the 5th of August of that year. However, only 732 messages were sent over this line, as the cable was imperfect and was never opened for toll business. The fifth dispatch sent was from New York to Mr. Cunard, at London, telling him of a collision between the steamships Europe and Arabia.

The breaking out of the civil war stopped negotiations in the cable business between this country and England, and during the great strife we had no telegraphic communications with the other side. After peace was restored, however, Mr. Field was again in London organizing another company. The new cable was made much stronger, and the Great Eastern was chartered for the laying, the supposition being that the vessel's prodigious size would relieve the cable of any sudden jerks or strains. It was on a lovely evening, July 24, 1865, that the Great Eastern, with the cable stored comfortably away in her hold, steamed westward from Valentia. All went well until she was within 600 miles of Heart's Content, Newfoundland. Mr. Field was on board, and every now and then, with batteries aboard, trials were made to see if it was all right. Suddenly it broke in the very deepest part of the ocean and was lost. Having lost all the grappling gear the Great Eastern steered homeward.

The next year the Great Eastern tackled the job again, and on July 27, 1866, landed the shore end of a cable at Heart's Content. Then the expedition returned to the spot where the cable was lost the year before, succeeded in grappling it, and in a short time America and Europe were connected by two lines of telegraphic communication.

Submarine cables are now constructed differently than formerly; that is, the different sections vary in size. The shore ends are two inches in diameter and heavily armored, while the deep sea section remains about as of old, viz: three-quarters of an inch in diameter. In the new Commercial cable there are 1,100,000 pounds of copper, 9,500,000 of steel wire, 1,300,000 of jute yarn, 1,800,000 of compound and 800,000 pounds of pure gutta percha. This costs about $1,500 a mile, and laid, nearly $8,000, so it is safe to estimate that the actual cost of laying all the submarine cable in use to-day is $500,000,000. The heavy cable costs $2,500 a mile, as it is armored with 36 steel wires three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and 20 of one-sixteenth inch.

The cost of maintaining ocean cables is also immense. At present there are 40 steamships employed as repairers in the service, and these generally have to be built for the purpose. Cables about the fishing banks of Newfoundland are often broken by the anchors of fishermen, but the repairers now have the work down so fine that they soon have it mended again. The repair-ship arriving at the point of breakage, which, by a peculiar sounder, can be readily ascertained at the nearest terminal, drops its grapnel overboard and steers at right angles with the line back and forth until the hook catches the cable. This is then pulled up and anchored to a buoy until the other end is found in the same way. Then the two ends are scientifically spliced with another piece and let go again to the bottom of the ocean.

Only 18 years ago it cost Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, $20 a word to cable back to Rio Janeiro during the Centennial Exposition. Now a message can be sent all over the known world, starting at San Francisco, thence across the continent by Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific to New York; thence following the world's northern telegraphic boundaries through England, Norway, Sweden, Russia and Siberia, going south touching at Wagasaki, in Japan, Hong Kong, China, Singapore, Java, Sumatra, across Australia to New Zealand; thence to Bombay; thence to Ceylon and Aden, around the Cape of Good Hope, leaving the line at Zanzibar for interior lines in Africa, up the West African Coast to St. Louis, to Senegal, across the South Atlantic to Pernambuco, Brazil, traversing South America to Rio Janeiro, over to Valparaiso, Chili, on the west coast; thence north through Mexico to Galveston, Texas, and to New York for $18 a word.

BURIAL AT SEA.

It Sobers Crew and Passengers and Is Oppressively Solemn.

"I can't imagine a more oppressively solemn ceremony than a burial at sea," said Captain J. A. Denny, to a St. Louis reporter. "It is solemn enough on land, except when the remains of the late lamented are being carried from Washington in charge of a Congressional committee; but a burial at sea surpasses the ceremony on land in point of solemnity as much as the awful grandeur of mid-ocean surpasses the mild, soft beauty of a tranquil lake. Men of the sea are not given to sentimental musings.

"The constant menace to life makes them reckless and ribald. But when a death occurs on board ship the meek and humble piety which characterizes both crew and passengers would do credit to a Quaker congregation. The great, desolate stretch of water, with its mountainous billows and its howling gales, seems to invest the presence of the grim reaper with a more merciless character and brings to the minds of the living a more realizing sense of the terrors of death than is felt on land, with its houses and rushing trains and carolling birds trilling a trenody from every bough along the line of march from church to graveyard. You can depend upon it, that no matter how rough and hardened the sailor, he takes off his hat and bares his head to the pitiless sky whenever he passes the corpse.

"The feeling of oppression which extends all over the ship when a death occurs is so overpowering that for this very reason, if for no other, it is necessary to get rid of the corpse with all possible speed. And the getting rid of it is a climax to the tragedy more shocking than anything the man who has never experienced it can imagine. The idea of dropping the cold insensate mass of mortal clay into the limitless, bottomless ocean, to be gnawed at and nibbled by the greedy monsters of the deep is horrifying to the stoutest heart. And yet there is ever present to the captain that horrible realization that it must be done, and, as everybody shrinks from doing it, it devolves upon him to do it with his own hands.

"The body is strapped to a bare board, face up. To the foot of the board are attached heavy weights, usually cannon balls. Then this board is shoved out over the bow of the ship by some of the crew, who, after doing this, make haste to scurry back out of sight of the final proceedings, leaving no one there but the captain, whose duty it is to tip up the board and let it drop into the sea, feet foremost. Maybe you think you can sleep after doing that. If you do, just volunteer to perform this service for the first captain on whose boat you are passenger, when a death occurs. I assure you that you won't get any more sleep for a good many nights afterwards."

Science in Old Shoes.

A French savant has invented a new science which he terms scarpology, whereby he proposes to diagnosticate mental qualities from the appearance of the shoes worn by the subject. He claims that shoes that have been worn are full of faithful indications as to lack of energy, fickleness, bad temper, or the opposite qualities, as the case may be. If the sole and heel of a shoe, after two months' wear are equally worn, the owner is an energetic business man, an employe that can be relied upon, a good wife or an excellent mother. If the outside edge is most worn, the owner is adventurous to rashness and of a bold and persistent turn of mind. Wear of the inside edge indicates irresolution and weakness in man and modesty in woman.—[New York Telegram.

HER WANTS.

Butcher—Have you any orders this morning, madam?

Young Wife (who is keeping house)—Yes; that calf's liver you brought me last week was very fine. I want another one, but be sure and get it from the same calf, as my husband is very particular.

DISPERSED BY SAUERKRAUT.

Peculiar Cause of the Children Quitting the Old Home.

They were talking about the desertion of farms by the younger generations for the alluring charms of the cities; how young men and women left the home nest in the country as soon as they felt any confidence in themselves and flocked to the paved streets and brick walls of urban life in the hope that work would not be so hard and money would come easier. "Our family furnishes a case in point," said a young German, who has latterly appeared in minor roles in twenty-fourth ward democratic politics. "We're all in the city now except the old folks, who stick to the farm, and are doing pretty well. Our reasons for abandoning the farm, however, were not those usually given, and I doubt if a parallel case can be found." Then he told his story:

With two brothers and three sisters he lived on a farm 100 miles from Chicago, and they all aided a phlegmatic old father in operating the place. It was a fine piece of land, and the family was happy and prosperous. But dark disaster came in the shape of a cabbage crop. The Chicago market showed a strong demand for sauerkraut, and the farmer decided to go in for a profitable crop. With the three boys he planted several acres in cabbage, with excellent results. The crop was cut up and packed and there were 350 barrels of the finest sauerkraut made.

Communicating with a friend in the grocery business on the North Side, the farmer received an order for ten barrels. A few days later the grocer announced that the best he could offer was 85 cents a barrel, the top market price. The old man couldn't stand such a drop as that, so he had the shipment returned, paying the freight charges both ways. Purchasing forty fine young pigs, he began fattening them on his high-grade sauerkraut. All went well for a few days, but the porkers soon tired of the diet and began to run from it. The pile grew high, and a few of the stronger pigs jumped the fence and ran away, while others sickened and grew weak from starvation.

It was a puzzler for the old man, but he was determined to derive some benefit, and the boys lugged the stuff up to the orchard near the house, where it was spread about as a fertilizer. By this time the entire family grew turbulent at the mere mention of sauerkraut, and when the sun poured its hot rays on the pickled cabbage the girls rebelled. The farmer was odurate, and the three girls packed their effects and came to the city. The kraut became so powerful that even the old man could not stand it, and the boys were instructed to cart it down to a distant field and spread it. The boys had been on the verge of mutiny several times, and this settled it. They all "lit out" for Chicago, and have been here ever since. The girls are in service, and once in a great while they all meet with the lonely and disappointed old Teuton on the farm. When it was all over the Chicago sauerkraut market went booming again.

A Young Eagle.

The eagle, as many of you know, is the king among birds, just as the lion is the king among mammals. It is strange that these birds which display the greatest strength when full grown give no sign of these qualities in their youth. The royal eagle, just emerged from the egg, is the most helpless creature under the sun. Wrapped in a thick white coat of down, he slips out of the shell, and for many days afterward the young bird lies huddled against the broast of the mother-bird, for it cannot even sit up straight. Weeks pass by before it can trot about the nest. The first sign of the flapping of the wings does not occur until the bird is ready to leave the nest.

The young birds are amply fed by their parents with meat, which the latter digest in their craws before feeding it to the little ones. When they are about half grown the eagle nest looks like a slaughter house well stocked with provisions. The parent birds scour the neighborhood for miles, gathering all the prey they can.

When the birds are full grown they are permitted to leave the nest. The parents go with them, teaching them first how to fly and then how to assail and steal their prey. By that time autumn has come, and now the family separates. The youngsters leave the parental nest, and sometimes roam about for eight or ten years before they set up an establishment of their own and in their turn raise young birds. In 1719 an eagle died in Vienna, Austria, who had lived in captivity for over 104 years.—[St. Louis Star-Sayings.

She Swims in Her Sleep.

A young woman of Crab Creek, Adams County, indulges in frequent freaks of somnambulism. One of her recent exploits was as follows: She arose from her bed about three o'clock in the morning and was seen to approach Crab Creek in her night robe. Upon reaching the stream the young woman waded in for a short distance, as if feeling her way, and swam safely across. Upon reaching the opposite bank she awoke, half frightened to death, dripping wet, shivering from the cold, and made her way to the house of a neighbor, where she was cared for and taken to her home.—[Morning Oregonian.

Insanity is common in the royal families of Europe.

MAINTAINING THE GOLD SUPPLY

Only Enough Being Mined Nowadays for Use in the Arts.

The two most eminent living writers on the precious metals, Suess and Soetbeer, have recently published what the New York Telegram calls a very alarming statement. It is to the effect that the total amount of gold dug out of the earth annually suffices only to supply the present demand for that valuable substance for use in the arts. Not a bit of the new product of the mines is available for coinage. Trinket use and waste in manufacture exhaust the whole yield. If this is correct, then gold must vanish from circulation before long, because the output of the gold mines of the world is diminishing rather than increasing, and there are few fields left to explore. But Uncle Sam's metallurgists say it is not so. The writers quoted fail to consider the fact that the gold employed in the arts is utilized over and over again. It goes through a sort of cycle. Articles of jewelry often disappear, but are seldom lost. When through accident they pass out of the possession of the well-to-do, they go to the poor and sharp-eyed, who sell them or pawn them. Some jewelry is lost by fire and some in the sea, and these losses are absolute and hopeless, but jewelry otherwise is certain, practically all of it, to find its way, sooner or later, to the pawnshops or into the hands of dealers in old gold. Thus it is melted up eventually, and reappears again in other shapes. This is what is termed the "invisible supply" of that metal.

There are a number of unavoidable causes of loss of gold. The first and most important of these is by abrasion. Jewelry loses much weight in that way, especially rings, which are usually eighteen karat, and are worn rapidly. Coins suffer much less but still considerably from wear. All gold leaf is a total loss to the gold stock of the world. Where used for decorative purposes it is never recovered. It is not employed for filling teeth nearly so much as formerly, "porous gold" being substituted. But, of course, the gold utilized for filling teeth is a total loss, and in the aggregate it is enormous in quantity. If it be supposed that the average dweller in cities of this country has 50 cents' worth of gold in his or her mouth, which is placing the figure very low, it will be seen how great is the waste in this form. Each succeeding generation takes so many millions of dollars' worth of the metal from the world's stock in this way. Some gold is lost in remelting, though all possible means be taken to reduce it to the lowest possible figure. Not only are the floors swept and the dirt treated for the recovery of the yellow substance, but the wooden planks are burned eventually with the same object. Even the shoes of each man who works with the metal are subjected to the chemistry of fire, yielding a small "button" of the precious material.

MOTHERS are the only people in the world who never find out that they have been proud without cause.

A WOMAN never gets along with the driver of a milk wagon more than three months.

A NO-TO-BAC MIRACLE.

PHYSICAL PERFECTION PREVENTED BY THE USE OF TOBACCO.

An Old Timer of Twenty-three Years' Tobacco Chewing and Smoking Cured, and Gains Twenty Pounds in Thirty Days.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., July 21—Special.—The ladies of our beautiful little town are making an interesting and exciting time for tobacco-using husbands, since the injurious effects of tobacco and the ease with which it can be cured by a preparation called No-To-Bac, have been so plainly demonstrated by the cure of Mr. F. C. Waite. In a written statement he says: "I smoked and chewed tobacco for twenty-three years, and I am sure that my case was one of the worst in this part of the country. Even after I went to bed at night, if I woke up I would want to chew or smoke. It was not only killing me but my wife was also ailing from the injurious effects. Two boxes of No-To-Bac cured me, and I have no more desire for tobacco than I have to jump out of the window. I have gained twenty pounds in thirty days, my wife is well, and we are indeed both happy to say that No-To-Bac is truly 'worth its weight in gold' to us."

The cure and improvement in Mr. Waite's case is looked upon as a miracle—in fact, it is the talk of the town and county, and it is estimated that over a thousand tobacco users will be using No-To-Bac within a few weeks. The peculiarity about No-To-Bac as a patent medicine is that the makers, the Sterling Remedy Company, No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, absolutely guarantee the use of three boxes to cure or refund the money, and the cost, $2.50, is so trifling as compared with the expensive and unnecessary use of tobacco that tobacco-using husbands have no good excuse to offer when their wives insist upon taking No-To-Bac and getting results in the way of pure, sweet breath, wonderful improvement in their mental and physical condition, with a practical revitalization of their nicotized nerves.

It was a Manitoba high school boy who said there were four zones—frigid, horrid, temperate and intemperate.

In Hot Weather

Something is needed to keep up the appetite, assist digestion and give good, healthful sleep. For these purposes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted. As a blood purifier it has no equal, and it is chiefly by its power to make pure blood that it has won such fame as a cure for scrofula, salt rheum and other similar diseases. Get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure headache and indigestion.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Laughter."

TEXT "Then was our mouth filled with laughter."—Psalm cxxvi., 2. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."—Psalm ii., 4.

Thirty-eight times does the Bible make reference to this configuration of the features and quick expulsion of breath which we call laughter. Sometimes it is born of the sunshine and sometimes the midnight. Sometimes it stirs the sympathy of angels and sometimes the cachinnation of devils. All healthy people laugh. Whether it pleases the Lord or displeases Him, that depends upon when we laugh and at what we laugh. My theme to-day is the laughter of the Bible—namely, Sarah's laugh, or that of skepticism, David's laugh, or that of spiritual exultation; the fool's laugh, or that of sinful merriment; God's laugh, or that of infinite condemnation; heaven's laugh, or that of eternal triumph.

Scene, an oriental tent. The occupants, old Abraham and Sarah, perhaps wrinkled and decrepit. Their three guests are three angels, the Lord Almighty one of them. In return for the hospitality shown by the old people God promises Sarah that she shall become the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah laughs in the face of God. She does not believe it. She is affrighted at what she has done. She denies it. She says, "I did not laugh." Then God retorted with an emphasis that silenced all disputation, "But thou didst laugh." My friends, the laugh of skepticism in all ages is only the echo of Sarah's laughter. God says He will accomplish a thing, and men say it cannot be done. A great multitude laugh at the miracles. They say they are contrary to the laws of nature. What is a law of nature? It is God's way of doing a thing. You ordinarily cross a river at one ferry. To-morrow you change for one day, and you go across another ferry. You made the rule. Have you not the right to change it? You ordinarily come in at that door of the church. Suppose that next Sabbath you come in at the other door. It is a habit you have. Have you not a right to change your habit? A law of nature is God's habit—His way of doing things. If He makes the law, has He not a right to change it at any time He wants to change it?

Alas! for the folly of those who laugh at God when He says, "I will do a thing," they responding, "You can't do it." God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs, Herbert Spencer laughs, Stuart Mill laughs, great German universities laugh, Harvard laughs—softly. A great many of the learned institutions, with long rows of professors seated on the fence between Christianity and infidelity, laugh softly. They say, "We didn't laugh." That was Sarah's trick. God thunders from the heavens, "But thou didst laugh!" The garden of Eden was only a fable. There never was any ark built, or if it was built it was too small to have two of every kind. The pillar of fire by night was only the northern lights, the ten plagues of Egypt only a brilliant specimen of jugglery. The sea parted because the wind blew violently a great while from one direction. The sun and moon did not put themselves out of the way for Joshua. Jacob's ladder was only horizontal and picturesque clouds. The destroying angel smiting the firstborn in Egypt was only cholera infantum become epidemic. The gullet of the whale, by positive measurement, too small to swallow a prophet. The story of the immaculate conception a shock to all decency. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the halt, cured by mere human surgery. The resurrection of Christ's friend only a beautiful tableau, Christ and Lazarus and Mary and Martha acting their parts well. My friends, there is not a doctrine or statement of God's holy word that has not been derided by the skepticism of the day.

I take up this book of King James's translation. I consider it a perfect Bible, but here are skeptics who want it torn to pieces. And now, with this Bible in my hand, let me tear out all those portions which the skepticism of this day demands shall be torn out. What shall go first? "Well," says some one in the audience, "take out all that about the creation and about the first settlement of the world." Away goes Genesis. "Now," says some one, "take out all that about the miraculous guidance of the children of Israel in the wilderness." Away goes Exodus. "Now," says some one else in the audience, "there are things in Deuteronomy and Kings that are not fit to be read." Away go Deuteronomy and the Kings. "Now," says some one, "the book of Job is a fable that ought to come out." Away goes the book of Job. "Now," says some one, "those passages in the New Testament which imply the divinity of Jesus Christ ought to come out." Away go the Evangelists. "Now," says some one, "the book of Revelation—how preposterous! It represents a man with the moon under his feet and a sharp sword in his hand." Away goes the book of Revelation. Now there are a few pieces left. What shall we do with them? "Oh," says some man in the audience, "I don't believe a word in the Bible from one end to the other." Well, it is all gone. Now you have put out the last light for the nations. Now it is the pitch darkness of eternal midnight. How do you like it?

But I think, my friends, we had better keep the Bible a little longer intact. It has done pretty well for a good many years. Then there are old people who find it a comfort to have it on their laps. And children like the stories in it. Let us keep it for a curiosity anyhow. If the Bible is to be thrown out of the school and out of the courtroom, so that men no more swear by it, and it is to be put in a dark corridor of the city library, the Koran on one side and the writings of Confucius on the other, then let us each one keep a copy for himself, for we might have trouble, and we would want to be under the delusions of its consolations, and we might die, and we would want the delusion of the exalted residence of God's right hand, which it mentions. Oh, what an awful thing it is to laugh in God's face and hurl His Revelation back at Him! After awhile the day will come when they will say they did not laugh. Then all the hypercriticisms, all the caricatures and all the learned sneers in the quarterly reviews will be brought to judgment, and amid the rocking of everything beneath and amid the flaming of everything above God will thunder, "But thou didst laugh!" I think the most fascinating laughter at Christianity I ever remember was a man in New England. He made the word of God seem ridiculous, and he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die, and then he said: "My life has been a failure—a failure domestically. I have no children. A failure socially, for I am treated in the streets like a pirate. A failure professionally because I know but one minister that has adopted my sentiments." For a quarter of a century he laughed at Christianity, and ever since Christianity has been laughing at him. Now, it is a mean thing to go into a man's house and steal his goods, but I tell you the most gigantic burglary ever invented is the proposition to steal these treasurers of our holy religion. The meanest laughter ever uttered is the laugh of the skeptic.

The next laughter mentioned in the Bible is David's laughter, or the expression of spiritual exultation. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." He got very much down sometimes, but there are other chapters where for four or five times he calls upon the people to praise and exult. It was not a mere twitch of the lips—it was a demonstration that took hold of his whole physical nature. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." My friends, this world will never be converted to God until Christians cry less and laugh and sing more. The horrors are a poor bait. If people are to be persuaded to adopt our holy religion, it will be because they have made up their minds it is a happy religion. They don't like a morbid Christianity. I know there are morbid people who enjoy a funeral. They come early to see the friends take leave of the corpse, and they steal a ride to the cemetery, but all healthy people enjoy a wedding better than they do a burial. Now, you make the religion of Christ sepulchral and hearselike, and you make it repulsive. I say plant the rose of Sharon along the church walks and columbine to clamber over the church wall, and have a smile on the lip, and have the mouth filled with holy laughter. There is no man in the world, except the Christian, that has a right to feel an untrammeled glee. He is promised everything is to be for the best here, and he is on the way to a delight which will take all the processions with palm branches and all the orchestras harped and cymbaled and trumpeted to express. "Oh," you say, "I have so much trouble." Have you more trouble than Paul had? What does he say? "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Poor, yet making many rich. Having nothing, yet possessing all things." The merriest laugh I think I have ever heard has been in the sickroom of God's dear children. When Theodosius was put upon the rack, he suffered very great torture at the first.

Somebody asked him how he endured all that pain on the rack. He replied: "When I was first put on the rack, I suffered a great deal, but very soon a young man in white stood by my side, and with a soft and comfortable handkerchief he wiped the sweat from my brow, and my pains were relieved. It was a punishment for me to get from the rack, because when the pain was all gone the angel was gone." Oh, rejoice evermore! You know how it is in the army—an army in encampment. If to-day news comes that our side has had a defeat, and to-morrow another portion of the tidings comes, saying we have had another defeat, it demoralizes all the host. But if the news comes of victory to-day and victory to-morrow the whole army is impassioned for the contest. Now, in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ report fewer defeats tells us the victories—victory over sin and death and hell. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice. I believe there is more religion in a laugh than in a groan. Anybody can groan, but to laugh in the midst of banishment and persecution and indescribable trial, that required a David, a Daniel, a Paul, a modern heroine.

The next laughter mentioned in the Bible that I shall speak of is the fool's laughter, or the expression of sinful merriment. Solomon was very quick at simile. When he makes a comparison, we all catch it. What is the laughter of a fool like? He says, "It is the crackling of thorns under a pot." The kettle is swung, a bunch of brambles is put under it, and the torch is applied to it, and there is a great noise, and a big blaze, and a sputter and a quick extinguishment. Then it is darker than it was before. Fool's laughter. The most miserable thing on earth is a bad man's fun. There they are—ten men in a barroom. They have at home wives, mothers, daughters. The impure jest starts at one corner of the barroom, and crackle, crackle, crackle it goes all around. In 500 such guffaws there is not one item of happiness. They all feel demeaned if they have any conscience left. Have nothing to do with men or women who tell immoral stories. I have no confidence either in their Christian character or their morality.

So all merriment that springs out of the defects of others—caricature of a lame foot, or a curved spine, or a blind eye, or a deaf ear—will be met with the judgment of God, either upon you or upon your children. Twenty years ago I knew a man who was particularly skillful in imitating the lameness of a neighbor. Not long ago a son of the skillful mimic had his leg amputated for the very defect which his father had mimicked years before. I do not say it was a judgment of God. I leave you to make your own inference. So all merriment born of dissipation, that which starts at the counter of the drinking restaurant or the wineglass in the home circle, the maudlin simper, the meaningless joke, the saturnalian gibberish, the paroxysm of mirth about nothing which you sometimes see in the fashionable clubroom or the exquisite parlor at twelve o'clock at night, are the crackling of thorns under a pot. Such laughter and such sin end in death. When I was a lad, a book came out entitled, "Dow Junior's Patent Sermons." It made a great stir, a very wide laugh, all over the country, that book did. It was a caricature of the Christian ministry, and of the word of God, and of the day of judgment. Oh, we had a great laugh! The commentary on the whole thing is that the author of that book died in poverty, shame, debauchery, kicked out of society and cursed of Almighty God. The laughter of such men is the echo of their own damnation.

The next laughter that I shall mention as being in the Bible is the laugh of God's condemnation, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Again, "The Lord will laugh at him." Again, "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God greet every kind of great sin and wickedness. But men build up villainies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God because He is so schemed against by men. Suddenly a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness or a secret is revealed, and the foundation begins to rock. Finally the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what the matter is. That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter. In the money market there are a great many good men and a great many fraudulent men. A fraudulent man there says, "I mean to have my million." He goes to work reckless of honesty, and he gets his first $100,000. He gets after awhile his $200,000. After awhile he gets his $500,000. "Now," he says, "I have only one more move to make, and I shall have my million." He gathers up all his resources. He makes that one last grand move, he fails and loses all, and he has not enough money of his own left to pay the cost of the ear to his home. People cannot understand this spasmodic revulsion. Some said it was a sudden turn in Erie Railway stock, or in Western Union, or in Illinois Central; some said one thing and some another. They all guessed wrong. I will tell you what it was. "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed." A man in New York said he would be the richest man in the city. He left his honest work as a mechanic and got into the city councils some way and in ten years stole $15,000,000 from the city government. Fifteen million dollars! He held the Legislature of the State of New York in the grip of his right hand. Suspicions were aroused. The grand jury presented indictments. The whole land stood aghast. The man who expected to put half the city in his vest pocket goes to Blackwell's Island, goes to Ludlow street jail, breaks prison and goes across the sea, is rearrested and brought back and again remanded to jail. Why? "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed."

Rome was a great empire. She had Horace and Virgil among her poets; she had Augustus and Constantine among her emperors. But what mean the defaced Pantheon, and the Forum turned into a cattle market, and the broken walled Coliseum, and the architectural skeleton of her great aqueducts? What was that thunder? "Oh," you say, "that was the roar of the battering rams against her walls." No. What was that quiver? "Oh," you say, "that was the tramp of hostile legions." No. The quiver and the roar were the outburst of omnipotent laughter from the defied and insulted heavens. Rome defied God, and He laughed her down. Thebes defied God, and He laughed her down. Nineveh defied God, and He laughed her down. Babylon defied God, and He laughed her down. There is a great difference between God's laugh and His smile. His smile is eternal beatitude. He smiled when David sang, and Miriam clapped the cymbals, and Hannah made garments for her son, and Paul preached, and John kindled with apocalyptic vision, and when any man has anything to do and does it well. His smile! Why, it is the 15th of May, the apple orchards in full bloom; it is morning breaking on a rippling sea; it is heaven at high noon, all the bells beating the marriage peal. But His laughter—may it never fall on us! It is a condemnation for our sin; it is a wasting away.

We may let the satirist laugh at us, and all our companions may laugh at us, and we may be made the target for the merriment of earth and hell, but God forbid that we should ever come to the fulfillment of the prophecy against the rejectors of the truth, "I will laugh at your calamity." But, my friends, all of us who reject Christ and the pardon of the gospel must come under that tremendous bombardment. God wants us all to repent. He counsels, He coaxes, He importunes, and He dies for us. He comes down out of heaven. He puts all the world's sin on one shoulder, He puts all the world's sorrow on the other shoulder, and then with that Alp on one side and that Himalaya on the other He starts up the hill back of Jerusalem to achieve our salvation. He puts the palm of His right foot on one long spike, and He puts the palm of His left foot on another long spike, and then, with His hands spotted with His own blood, He gesticulates, saying: "Look, look and live. With the crimson veil of My sacrifice I will cover up all your sins; with My dying groan I will swallow up all your groans. Look! Live!" But a thousand of you turn your back on that, and then this voice of invitation turns to a tone divinely ominous, that sobs like a simoom through the first chapter of Proverbs. "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out My right hand, and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught all My counsel and would none of My reproof, I, also, will laugh at your calamity." Oh, what a laugh that is—a deep laugh, a long, reverberating laugh, an overwhelming laugh. God grant we may never hear it. But in this day of merciful visitation yield your heart to Christ, that you may spend all your life on earth under His smile and escape forever the thunder of the laugh of God's indignation.

The other laughter mentioned in the Bible, the only one I shall speak of, is heaven's laughter, or the expression of eternal triumph. Christ said to His disciples, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." That makes me know positively that we are not to spend our days in heaven singing long meter psalms. The formalistic and stiff notions of heaven that some people have would make me miserable. I am glad to know that the heaven of the Bible is not only a place of holy worship, but of magnificent sociality. "What," say you, "will the ringing laugh go around the circles of the saved?" I say yes—pure laughter, cheering laughter, holy laughter. It will be a laugh of congratulation. When we meet a friend who has suddenly come to a fortune, or who has got over some dire sickness, do we not shake hands, do we not laugh with him? And when we get to heaven and see our friends there, some of them having come up out of great tribulation, why, we will say to one of them, "The last time I saw you you had been suffering for six weeks under a low intermittent fever," or to another we will say: "You for ten years were limping with the rheumatism, and you were full of complaints when we saw you last. I congratulate you on this eternal recovery." We shall laugh. Yes, we shall congratulate all those who have come out of great financial embarrassments in this world because they have become millionaires in heaven. Ye shall laugh. It shall be a laugh of reassociation. It is just as natural for us to laugh when we meet a friend we have not seen for ten years as anything is possible to be natural.

When we meet our friends from whom we have been parted ten or twenty or thirty years, will it not be with infinite congratulation? Our perception quickened, our knowledge improved, we will know each other at a flash. We will have to talk over all that has happened since we have been separated, the one that has been ten years in heaven telling us all that has happened in the ten years of his heavenly residence, and we telling him in return all that has happened during the ten years of his absence from earth. Ye shall laugh. I think George Whitefield and John Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly collisions, and Toplady and Charles Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly misunderstandings, and the two farmers who were in a lawsuit all their days will have a laugh of contempt over their earthly disturbance about a line fence. Exemption from all annoyance. Immersion in all gladness. Ye shall laugh. Christ says so. Ye shall laugh. Yes, it will be a laugh of triumph. Oh, what a pleasant thing it will be to stand on the wall of heaven and look down at satan and hurl at him defiance and see him caged and chained and we forever free from his clutches! Aha! Yes, it will be a laugh of royal greeting.

You know how the Frenchmen cheered when Napoleon came back from Elba; you know how the English cheered when Wellington came back from Waterloo; you know how Americans cheered when Kossuth arrived from Hungary; you remember how Rome cheered when Pompey came back victorious over 900 cities. Every cheer was a laugh. But, oh, the mightier greeting, the gladder greeting, when the snow white cavalry troop of heaven shall go through the streets, and, according to the Book of Revelation, Christ in the red coat, the crimson coat, on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven following Him on white horses! Oh, when we see and hear that cavalcade we shall cheer, we shall laugh! Does not your heart beat quickly at the thought of the great jubilee upon which we are soon to enter? I pray God that when we get through with this world and are going out of it we may have some such vision as the dying Christian had when he saw written all over the clouds in the sky the letter "W," and they asked him, standing by his side, what he thought that letter "W" meant. "Oh," he said, "that stands for welcome." And so may it be when we quit this world. "W" on the gate, "W" on the door of the mansion, "W" on the throne. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! I have preached this sermon with five prayerful wishes—that you might see what a mean thing is the laugh of skepticism, what a bright this is the laugh of spiritual exultation, what a hollow thing is the laugh of sinful merriment, what an awful thing is the laugh of condemnation, what a radiant, rubicund thing is the laugh of eternal triumph. Avoid the ill; choose the right. Be comforted. "Blessed are ye that weep now—ye shall laugh; ye shall laugh."

MEN are so fond of agreeable places to loaf, that good natured easy going men soon find themselves engaged.

JOHN BURNS.

Pen Picture of England's Great Labor Leader by Justin McCarthy.

The most conspicuous man among the newer members of the Labor party in the British House of Commons is John Burns, writes Justin McCarthy, M. P. He has about him the charm of a strong, self-reliant manhood—he is above all things a man. You can see this in his dark, soft, gleaming eyes. They are eyes which invite confidence. John Burns is a working engineer who has led a toiler's life, afloat and ashore and under various conditions. He has worked along those mysterious African rivers which are associated in the minds of most of us with the explorings of Stanley and of Emin Pasha. He has worked in London sheds and yards. He is a fine and powerful speaker, and can control a vast meeting of workingmen with irresistible force. He is a great democratic influence, and political parties and social organizations can hardly reckon without him. He seldom speaks in the House of Commons, but when he does speak he speaks well and goes straight to the point. He never speaks but on some subject which he thoroughly understands and about which he has something important and direct to say. He has a fine and even thrilling voice, and one always feels that some day when his time comes and his own question is uppermost he will make a great speech.

The Best Things to Eat

Are made with ROYAL BAKING POWDER—bread, biscuit, cake, rolls, muffins, crusts, and the various pastries requiring a leavening or raising agent.

Risen with ROYAL BAKING POWDER, all these things are superlatively light, sweet, tender, delicious and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Besides, it economizes flour, butter and eggs, and, best of all, makes the food more digestible and healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Chloroforming in Sleep.

It is becoming fashionable for burglars to chloroform their victims in the hope that their work will be more easily and effectually done. As the plan is to administer the anaesthetic while the patient sleeps, it is no wonder that failure attends the effort. Happily, it is one of the most difficult feats to accomplish, requiring the greatest care and the highest degree of skill. By many good observers it has been claimed to be impossible. The latter may be looked upon as the rule, especially with novices. Before primary insensibility is obtained, the victim awakes from the irritation of the inhaled vapor, when force is necessary for the completion of the purpose. In the meantime the alarm may be given and the assailant may be captured. Fortunately, the chances are always against the burglar, as his victim, facing the horror of strangulation, is instantly and almost instinctively roused to desperate resistance. Take all the chances, however, chloroform in the hands of a burglar should be considered as dangerous to his victim as a club, an ax, or a bullet, and its administration should be punished to that extreme limit of penalty which is due to the employment of other murderous measures.—Medical Record.

Effect of Smoking on Boys.

One of the medical journals records the observations of a physician, who has been investigating with great minuteness and accuracy the effects of smoking on boys. He took for this purpose thirty-eight boys from nine to fifteen years, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of the number he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve of the cases there occurred frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The Doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect, until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

What a true gentleman is, he was in the beginning.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

A woman's sincerity is susceptible of modification.

Good Character Important.

Besides the happy satisfaction that a clear conscience and good character bring to every heart, it has a commercial value that it is well to take into consideration. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., are advertising in this paper, and offer specially good business opportunities to men of character and standing in their respective communities. They want parties to work all or part of their time, as may suit their convenience.

Judgment is the fence between impulse and action.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. $1

Age and enthusiasm always travel in opposite directions.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

A man never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

A woman despises a bad man of her own making.

In Trades.

A most amusing list could be formed of the odd names given to some articles in various trades. Appended are a few in use by hardware men: A "curate" is a small auxiliary poker with a steel point, intended for use, in contradistinction to the elaborate fire brasses, which are only kept for show; it is a standing joke that this article takes its name from the fact that it does the principal part of the work. A "footman" is an ornamental weight used for the purpose of keeping a door open, while a "porter" is a spring for keeping it shut. A "waiter" is a small tray. An innocent-looking arrangement of tin is the "demon" insect trap, and a machine used for grinding different substances is known by the forcible apropos title of the "devil" disintegrator.

ASSIST NATURE

a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, and toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, biliousness, skin diseases, boils, carbuncles, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequalled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and indigestion.

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THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, O.

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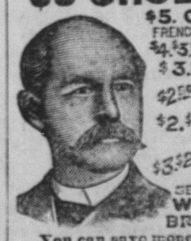

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4, $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 & $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2, $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. $3, $2.50 & $2, $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

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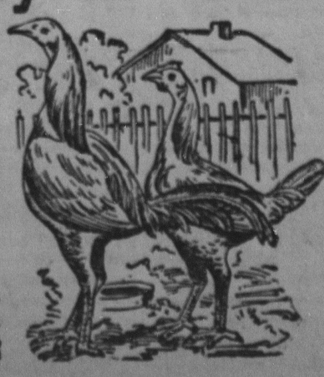

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JULY 26.

WHAT OF SINGERLY?

Well, it is possible to elect Colonel Singerly. His nomination for Governor suits the people. No one doubts he would make just such a chief magistrate as the state should have. His whole life is a record of uprightness, and the strictest integrity characterises his extensive business affairs. He has been the champion of the interests of the masses, devoting his great journal, the *Record*, to all that tended for the general good. He has for years been known as a true philanthropist, and aided the poor classes of Philadelphia in procuring cheap coal, and they all look upon Colonel Singerly as their friend and benefactor, and thousands will rally around him to make him Governor.

It is possible to elect Colonel Singerly.

By getting to work, organizing an effective campaign, calling the citizens of all parties who admire him into line, pushing forward with a determination to win, Singerly can be elected. Cast aside the idea that a Democrat can not win, and go in to win, and Colonel Singerly can be elected as was Pattison, although the ghost of 80,000 majority of a former year was against him. When the people want a man now-a-days, they will have him, and there are plain surface indications that they want Singerly and the opposition leaders are already evincing some alarm.

The Republican organs have not attempted to assail Colonel Singerly, because they can not—the man is too well known to the people for that.

A grand opportunity presents itself to the managers of the campaign for Singerly, to carry the state for him. Thorough organization, determination, an aggressive push forward, armed with the virtues, competency, public spirit and unselfishness of our standard bearer, what is 80,000 or even 190,000 majority as the ghost of former years? Who cares for that with a standard bearer like Wm. M. Singerly, the noblest of Pennsylvanians?

It is possible to elect Colonel Singerly.

GENERAL BEAVER has been appointed by Chairman Gilkeson committeeman-at-large and George W. Hoover the regular committeeman from Centre county for the Republican State committee for the campaign of 1894.

THERE is no promise in the Bible for the man who wants to eat bread without earning it.—*Exchange.* No, nor without paying for it honestly.

AFTER US THE DELUGE.

The country does not misunderstand the causes which have led to disagreement on the tariff question. One Democratic Senator limits the scope of his statesmanship to the protection of collars and cuffs, because he happens to have a large collar and cuff establishment at his home; another Senator's statesmanship is limited to the protection of a few ore mines in his state; another Senator's statesmanship is circumscribed to his interest in coal mines; and other Senators are interested in various ways in tariff legislation on sugar.

It is possible that these men may defeat tariff legislation at this time, and if so they will simply proclaim to the country and to the world—After us the deluge. If Congress shall adjourn without passing a tariff bill, New York state would vote Republican with anywhere from 75,000 to 100,000 majority, as a tribute to collar and cuff statesmanship. New Jersey would again elect a Republican Legislature by a large majority, and elect a Republican United States Senator as a tribute to the statesmanship that shivers over a few iron ore mines, and Maryland would surely get into the Republican column for the first time in many years, while Delaware could not fail to be swept by the Republicans, giving them a Congressman and United States Senator. In short, there is not a single Northern state that would not vote Republican in November next if tariff legislation should fail. With the Democratic leaders, therefore, the passage or defeat of the tariff bill is simply a choice between a reasonable chance for success and certain deluge.

It is childish to criticise President Cleveland. He simply told the truth in his letter to Chairman Wilson, and he did not present an argument that was not presented in the last campaign by every one of the Senators who are now endangering the success of the tariff by their devotion to petty local interests, or their personal interests in private speculations. Mr. Cleveland has done nothing that is novel by his letter to Chairman Wilson. Mr. Lincoln wrote letters time and again during his Presidency on subjects of immediate and pressing interest, and was never complained of for interfering in the rights of legislators. There was this difference between Mr. Lincoln's letters and the letter from Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Lincoln often had new questions arise which he discussed in messages or public letters, and which had not been passed upon by the nation. Mr. Cleveland's letter is simply an honest demand for honest obedience to the clearly expressed judgment of the nation. He does not tread upon any disputed party ground. He asks that good faith shall be maintained with the people, and that is all. He knows that the failure to enact an honest tariff bill must be disappointing to the people, and he well knows that the defeat of tariff legislation by speculative interests would be simply to invite a deluge upon the Democratic party.

It would be better to pass the Senate bill with all its imperfections than not to pass any tariff bill, and in like manner it would be vastly better to pass the House bill with its imperfections than to fail in tariff legislation; but when the House is generally right on the issue as presented to the people and distinctly approved by them, the Senate should concede all that may be necessary to concede to insure the success of tariff reform. If the bill shall fail, a single sentence will tell the story of present Democratic rule—After us the deluge.—Philadelphia *Times.*

THE Prohibitionists of this district intend nominating a candidate for Judge, and think of going outside of the county for their man, having requested lawyer Ames, of Williamsport, to be their candidate.

IF Centre county cannot have any of her own Democratic sons on the ticket for Congressman, then let there be no stopping short of William A. Wallace. Senator Wallace in Congress will be a big figure for the state and party.

WHERE IS THAT TIN?

The managers of the tin plate trust have succeeded in skinning the people of this country for the past fifteen years out of more money under the tariff process than any other trust. The St. Louis *Republic* tells the story thus:

Since the voracious Eli Perkins visited those tin mines at Harney Peak and over-taxed his very elastic imagination in a written description of their fabulous wealth, scarcely anything has been heard of them until now, when some rather ugly legal proceedings bring them once more before the public. If our memory serves us, Eli went to Harney Peak as an agent of the American Protective Tariff League. He was unable to make a thorough examination of the vast deposits of metal because the tin, lying on the surface over an area of about sixty square miles, was so dazzling in the bright Dakota sunlight that his power of vision was injuriously affected. His truth telling faculties were not paralyzed, however, for his report was as dazzling as the resplendent surface of the great tin deposits had been when he gazed at them. If we recall accurately the substance of his report, he found that 60 per cent. of the surface of the earth in the neighborhood of Harney Peak was pure tin.

The Harney Peak Tin Mining, Milling and Manufacturing Company has had a hard time of it trying to utilize the vast deposits that burst upon the enraptured vision of Perkins. The company is ten years old, but it has sold no tin in commercial quantities. There was a time, we think, when a few small bricks of metal were made and distributed as specimens or manufactured into campaign badges for the followers of Mr. Benjamin Harrison. But no pile of tin bars was erected in the Black Hill in order that this President and Presidential candidate might rest his hand on it, and, in that interesting attitude, make a few remarks about the beneficence of a McKinley tariff. It was reserved for the English owners of the great San Jacinto tin mine in California to make such a contribution to the history of McKinleyite symbolism. But where is the San Jacinto tin mine now? Where is the Harney Peak mine, for that matter? Where is the tin, the dazzing sheen of which almost blinded Mr. Eli Perkins?

The San Jacinto mine is stored away somewhere with the Harrison campaign banners and badges and torches of 1892, and for the latest information about these marvelous deposits at Harney Peak we must refer our readers to the suit brought against the company and the officers of it by certain stockholders in England. The lawyer who represents these plaintiffs tersely describes the condition of the concern, as it appears to him, in the following words: Twenty millions to its debit; a lot of unproducing and abandoned alleged mining properties to its credit, and not one cent in its treasury. A very interesting chapter of the company's history may be disclosed by these proceedings. The plaintiffs, who have already secured the appointment of a receiver, assert that $15,000,000 in stock and $4,850,000 in bonds were issued upon mining properties valued at only $253,000. Other curious allegations are made on that side, and the defendants tell an interesting story for their side of the case. It is probable that all the facts will come out before we hear the last of the suit, and that we shall know what has become of that principality of tin ore, 60 per cent. pure metal, that almost blinded poor Eli Perkins when he incautiously looked at it.

The American people have a bone to pick with the promoter of this company, but they can more easily reach the Senators and Representatives who rivaled Perkins in their descriptions of the richness of the Harney Peak deposits, and the great political party that, under the influence of these Senators and Representatives, imposed upon tin, the metal, a duty of 4 cents a pound. The arguments to which the makers of the McKinley tariff yielded when they loaded this duty upon the raw materials of many important industries were those of certain legislators who covered pages of the Congressional Record with stories of the fabulous wealth of the Harney Peak Company's mining claim. Some of them even asserted that these deposits would soon "supply the world" with tin.

We have yet to discover how these persons were induced to tell these stories and just what motive impelled them. But every manufacturer who uses the metal knows what the effect has been. In the ten months ending on April 30 these manufacturers and the consumers of their wares paid nearly $400,000 in duties for the "protection" of the Harney Peak tin mines, so called. The sum would have been much larger if a great quantity of the metal had not been imported before July 1, 1893, (when the duty went into effect,) in order that the tax might be avoided. Our normal rate of consumption requires from 40,000,000 to 45,000,000 pounds of the metal per annum, and this would involve a tariff tax of from $1,600,000 to $1,800,000, but the imports last year rose to 61,000,000 pounds, for the reason just given, so that about a six months' supply was carried over. In the pending Tariff bill the metal is on the free list, from which it ought not to have been taken and where it would have remained if Eli Perkins, the Protective Tariff League, and a little group of Republican Senators and Representatives had not demanded the imposition of a duty for the protection of the Harney Peak Company.

HURRAH FOR SINGERLY.

It was a happy thought that induced our quondam friend, Fred Kurtz, of the Centre Hall REPORTER, to suggest in that journal the nomination of William M. Singerly, Esq., for Governor by the Democratic State Convention. We have not in many years had a Democratic State candidate whose nomination was so universally satisfactory to the party, and the augury is auspicious, for when the Democracy of the state of Pennsylvania are thoroughly united, they are foemen to be feared at elections.

The Republicans are playing a fulsome game of bluff, but they know in their hearts that their boss-ridden aristocratic party is not going to have a "walk-over." Mr. Singerly is the people's candidate—the farmers' candidate—the workingmen's candidate. He is a broad-gauged man—a man of the people and for the people—and less than a prophet can easily see, even thus early in the campaign, that his election is by no means impossible, but, on the contrary, is every day becoming more probable.—Delaware County *Democrat.*

DEBS, from his Chicago prison cell has sent out a circular advising the people of the country to refuse to ride in Pullman cars. Persons who do not wish to ride in Pullman cars, can follow Debs' advice and stay out; but if any one desires to ride in them, it is none of Debs' or any body elses business. Still this kind of advice is not as bad as burning cars, wrecking trains, and paralyzing the business of the country because some firm insists in doing its business in its own way.

SOME of the railway companies which before the strike employed from 10,000 to 15,000 men have discovered that they can get along with half the original force. The multitude who left good situations at the despotic command of their demagogic leaders may have ample leisure during the impending period of enforced idleness to calculate the cost to them of the infamous Debsism.

General Hastings is still in the far West, where he has been since June 23. Letters received from him within a few days indicate that he may not return home before the middle of August, or possibly until near the 1st of September, soon after which the State campaign will open. General Beaver is traveling with General Hastings.

When the two distinguished generals return, they might as well go take the stump at once and explain the $40 plank of their platform.

—If any of our readers have not seen the Atlantic Ocean, and we feel assured there are quite a number, they have a good chance to do so on the Penna. Railroad Excursion, August 1st.

IN the present phase of the tariff question, Senator Hill now comes out as the defender of Cleveland in his letter to chairman Wilson and endorses the tariff sentiments of the President as contained in his letter.

THE Lewisburg *Journal* mentions ex-Judge Bucher in connection with the Democratic nomination for president judge in this, the Centre-Huntingdon district. Surely a No. 1 man. Should the Republicans get into a dead-lock on Love and Lovell, they may have to go outside the district for a good man too.

MR. GEORGE of Mississippi has introduced into the Senate a joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution providing that eight hours shall be a legal day's work for persons doing manual labor, and forbidding an employer to allow an employee to work more than 48 hours a week. But why 48? Is there anything sacred and mystical about that number? There would still have to be a Saturday half holiday. That would reduce the hours of labor to 44 a week. Then there should be a Mid-week Rest on Wednesday. Hours of labor remaining, 36. But Monday should be Fishing Day, Tuesday Hunting Day, Thursday Speech and Convention Day, and Friday should be set apart to making the hours of labor still shorter. Then instead of 48 hours a week, 0 hours a week would be a constitutional week's labor. Still, Mr. George could have done better by resolving to abolish hours and labor altogether.

THE foreigners who are arming themselves in the coke regions to fight their employers, should all be put on board a vessel and shipped from our soil, and a law should be passed allowing no more of that class to land here.

IN Rome, Italy, last week, an anarchist got a deserved salting. Twenty years' imprisonment was the sentence given to Anarchist Paul Lega, who tried to kill Premier Crispi on June 16. Lega was very defiant and shouted "Hurrah for Anarchy" when the sentence was announced.

MUSICAL POLITICS.

Philipsburg Will Have a Vocal Campaign.

Philipsburg is about to run politics by note—do, re, me, fa, sol, and so on—and will have a vocal campaign, from all accounts, and try to get men into office by "sweet singing in Israel." Well, we like good music, and it may be more suitable in politics than hell-ragging and black-guarding from the stump.

At the Republican state convention a Republican glee club sang Hastings' into a unanimous nomination for governor, and at his Bellefonte reception, next day, these soft coal vocalists put in several "dirges" to enliven the occasion. They will now try to sing uncle Dan's majority up to 200,000, but as the Democracy have a Sing-erly to head their ticket, the 200,000 is likely to get singed down to the lowest note on the scale.

Now we also have another Philipsburg crowd trying to do some singing—these are the prohibition singers, and they appeared at the prohibition county convention on Tuesday and sang a song. If these prohibition songsters can keep their throats moist by occasionally "seeing a feller," they may keep their vote from falling below 152 in the county.

So keep up the free concerts, boys, we all like good singing, especially when admission is free.

Degradation of Wheat.

There is now going on what we will term a degradation of wheat. In our own valley and county, wheat, instead of being used for bread alone, as heretofore, is now fed to horses and other animals, and to poultry, because the price of the grain has fallen so low, and it is cheaper than corn or oats.

This is quite a reversal of the usual order of things. That time works many singular changes has never been more fully proven than in the prevalent low prices of wheat and the abnormally high figure of oats. Since the price of oats has been comparatively higher than the price of wheat, the products manufactured from oats have been adulterated by mixing them with products of wheat. Some of the manufacturers of oatmeal, it is reported, have been buying large quantities of wheat recently for the sole purpose of increasing the weight and cheapening their output. A great deal of wheat and the products of wheat are being used in the commercial foods that are placed upon the market, such as mill feeds, chops, etc. It certainly is an abnormal state of affairs when the grain, which, rated by its intrinsic value, stands high above every other cereal, gets so low in price that it can be used as an adulterant of foods not only for the human family, but of animals as well.

—The low rate offered by the P. R. R. for an Excursion to the Sea Shore August 1st, should be within the means of all desiring to visit these resorts.

—New spring clothing just opened at Lewin's, Bellefonte. A dollar does double duty at this establishment.

MONEY - MONEY

WILL

LOAN OR BORROW.

STATE BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Of Hollidaysburg, Pa.

CENTRE HALL BRANCH,

BRICE D. BRISBIN, President. CLEMENT F. DEININGER, Sec. and Collector.

DIRECTORS:

DAVID L. BARTGES, DR. C. E. EMERICK, J. FRED KURTZ.

Tells Its Own Story.

INVESTOR.

The following table shows the cost and value of our Running Stock to the investor.

No. Shares.	Cost per mo.	Total cost.	Full Value.
1	$ 60	$ 54 60	$ 100 00
3	1 80	163 80	300 00
5	3 00	273 00	500 00
10	6 00	546 00	1000 00
15	9 00	819 60	1500 00
20	12 00	1092 00	2000 00
25	15 00	1365 00	2500 00

BORROWER.

Estimated cost to Borrower.

No. Shares.	Cash Rec'd.	Cost per mo.	Total.
1	$ 100 00	$ 1 60	$ 145 60
2	200 00	3 20	261 20
3	300 00	4 80	436 80
4	400 00	6 40	582 40
5	500 00	8 00	728 00
6	600 00	9 60	873 60
7	700 00	11 20	1019 20
8	800 00	12 80	1164 80
9	900 00	14 40	1310 40
10	1000 00	16 00	1456 00

For the Person with Money.

OUR PAID UP STOCK.

Shares	Cash paymt.	Par Value.	Annual In. ret'd.	Total In. ret'd.	Full amt. Real'zed.
1	$ 70 60	$ 100 00	$ 4 20	$ 33 60	$ 133 60
2	140 00	200 00	8 40	67 20	267 20
3	210 00	300 00	12 60	100 80	400 80
4	280 00	400 00	16 80	134 80	1534 40
5	350 00	500 00	21 50	168 00	668 00
7	490 00	700 00	29 40	235 20	935 20
10	700 00	1000 00	42 00	336 00	1336 00
15	1050 00	1500 00	63 00	504 60	2004 00
20	1400 00	2000 00	84 00	672 00	2672 00
30	2100 00	3000 00	126 00	1080 00	4008 00
50	3500 00	5000 00	210 00	1680 00	6680 00

A membership fee of one dollar per share must be accompanied with this stock,

This stock pays over 12 per cent. Interest, and is not Taxable in this State.

All information can be secured by applying to any of the above officers or Directors, or to J. M. SPENCER, GEN'L AGENT, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., HOME OFFICE.

jun76m

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.—In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 29th day of March, A. D. 1824, the Commissioners of Centre County will sell at public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Wednesday, August 1st, 1894, the following described tracts of unseated land, purchased by the County of Centre at Treasurer's sale and which have remained unredeemed for the space of five years and upwards.

Acres Per.	Warrantee.	Township
100	Unknown	Benner
50	John Moore	"
50	Andrew Coon	"
50	J. D. Harris	"
30	Unknown	"
100	J. D Shugart	"
46	Unknown	Boggs
50	Unknown	"
300	Matthew Leech	Curtin
480	Joseph Kelso	"
200	John Palmer	"
330	Alexander McDowell	Gregg
54	Isaac Shearer	Halfmoon
48	Daniel Beck	" "
400	Jas. Reed	Harris
25	Joseph Graysburg	Howard
102	—— Williams	Huston
106	—— Lowery	Haines
150	Unknown	"
125	Unknown	"
15	Joseph Thompson	"
196	—— Amard	"
18	Thomas Castonas	"
298—32	Wm. Scott	Liberty
80	Robert Smith	"
30	Thomas King	"
100	Unknown	Miles
320	Geo. Kitts	"
207	Jacob Seigfreid	"
200	Unknown	Marion
6	Unknown	"
383	Wm. Cook	Penn
100	Wm. Cook	"
164—10	Jas. Allison	Rush
300	Mathias Graff	"
433—153	Hugh Hamilton	"
396	Benj. Jordan	"
100	Robers King	"
50	A. B. Long	"
120—80	John Libby	"
433	John Miller	"
433—153	Robert Miller	"
100	Passmore, Bryson & Hartel	"
250	White & Parsons	"
433—153	Daniel Turner	"
306—100	Wm. Wilson	"
6	Unknown	"
6	Unknown	"
2	Unknown	"
80	Unknown	"
433—153	Kearney Wharton	"
419	John Johnson	Spring
75	Unknown	"
216	Robert Reaney	Snow Shoe
433	Joseph Norton	" "
287—80	D. Carscadden	" "
433—153	Andrew Bayard	" "
400	Alex Martin	" "
400	Alex Martin	" "
30	Clement Beckwith	Taylor
35	Clement Beckwith	"
433—153	John Copenhaven	"
48	James Fox	"
101	Thomas McEwen	"
433—163	John McCammond	"
433—153	Marion Norris	"
300	John Lamb	"
433	John Lamb	"
433—163	Barbara Snyder	"
191	Dunwoody & Long	Union
560	Mary McEwen	Walker
250	J. B. Gray	Worth

GEO. L. GOODHART,
T. F. ADAMS,
JAS. B. STROHM,
County Commissioners.

Attest:—ROBT F. HUNTER, Clerk,
Commissioner's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., June 19, '94

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration on the estate of James McClintick, deceased, late of Potter township, having been indebted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. S. J. McCLINTICK, Administrator.
Center Hill, Pa.
june7-6t

PUBLIC SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF AN ORder of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County directed to the undersigned Assignee of John A Slack, there will be sold at public vendue or outcry on

—— SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894. ——

At one o'clock p. m., on the premises about one mile west of Potters Mills, in Potter township, Centre county, Pa

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Potter township, bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by lands of Harry Shirk and the heirs of Thomas Stiver, on the east by lands of John Robison and Samuel Slack, on the south by lands of Samuel Slack—on Tussey mountain and on the west by Samuel Slack and Levi Stump, containing

o——o 100 ACRES o——o

more or less.

Erected thereon is a good two-story dwelling house, bank barn, and all needed outbuildings; good water and plenty of it, fine large orchard of apple trees, and abundance of other fruit. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation. The farm is as good as any in the county.

TERMS OF SALE.—5 per cent. of purchase money to be paid or secured to be paid on day of sale; balance of one-half of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, balance in one year to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney. JAS. C. BOAL, Assignee.

—Make all your arrangements to take the trip to the Sea Shore via the Penna. Railroad, August 1st.

1861--1894.

WM. SHORTLIDGE, ROBERT McCALMONT, Managers.

McCALMONT & CO.,

—Sellers of—

Farmers'... - : Supplies

And Buyers of Farm Products.....

—Dealers in—

Conklin Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, Surries, and Spring Wagons.

Coal, Crushed Coke, Hydraulic Cements, Explosives, Fertilizers, Plaster and Salt.

Stone Crushers and Road Machinery a specialty.

We invite patronage.

McCALMONT & CO.,
BELLEFONTE, - - PA.

PENNSYLVANIA Railroad.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED PLEASURE TOURS.

FLORIDA. January 30th, February 13th and 27th, March 13th and 27th. Two weeks in the Land of Flowers on the first four tours, while tickets for last tour are good to return until May 31st. Special trains of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars. Rate from New York, $50 00, from Philadelphia, $48.00. Proportionate rates from other points.

WASHINGTON. February 8th, March 1st and 22nd, April 12th, May 3rd and 24th. Three-day tours to the National Capitol, covering railroad fare and accommodation. Rate from New York $13.00 and $13.50 from Philadelphia $11.00.

TOURIST AGENT AND CHAPERON ACCOMPANY EACH PARTY.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to Tourist Agent, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia; 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 205 Washington Street, Boston.

S. M. PREVOST, J. R. WOOD, G. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Mg'r Gen'l Pass. Ag't Ast. Gen'l Pas's. Agt.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John R. Leech, deceased, late of Harris township, having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE M. BOAL, Administrator.
Center Hall, Pa.
june7-6t

A NIGHT IDEA.

How Bernard Lauth Invented Cold-Rolled Shafting.

In a recent issue of this paper was noted the death of Mr. Bernard Lauth, who for more than sixty years had been identified with the manufacture of iron in the United States and who died at Howard, this county, a few weeks ago. An exchange gives the following account of an interesting period in the gentleman's life.

When he made his invention of cold-rolled shafting he experimented a great deal on thin sheet iron, and was anxious to reach some method by which he could secure a reduction in the thickness of thin sheets and a finer finish for their surface. He knew that he could do this if he could use rolls with a small diameter, but as he attempted to reduce the rolls they would spring and break. One night he and his oldest son, Mr. B. C. Lauth, were traveling from Paris to Strasburg, when the thought occurred to him that he could place a small roll between two large rolls and get the effect of the small roll and prevent its breaking by the support of the larger rolls. This was the end of the chapter, and his son received a thump and a shake to awake him and he was informed that he "had it." "Have what?" asked the son. "Why, I can roll single sheets and put a face on them like a looking-glass; that's what I want for Russia sheet iron." He then explained his invention in detail.

A short time afterwards he went to the works of M. DeWendel, at Hyange, near Metz, and explained his new mode, and suggested to M. DeWendel that it would be a great improvement for cold-rolling tinplate. That gentleman said that he would submit the plan to his engineers, which he did, and after a thorough investigation by five of them it was pronounced impracticable. They claimed that the small roll would break. This was a little more than Bernard Lauth could stand, and he said some hard words and begged to differ from them, stating that, with all due appreciation of their very learned technical knowledge, he was sorry to say that they did not know anything about rolling. He then turned to M. DeWendel and said: "I will build this mill at my own expense if you will pay me a certain sum of money if it accomplishes what I claim." This offer was accepted, and the mill was started and did more than was claimed for it.

Notes About the Ladies.

Centre Hall has as many, yea more pretty flower yards than any other town of its size. Credit the ladies.

Our town would be a paradise for gallant young men. We have about half a dozen handsome young ladies to one young gent—and every one will make a good better half.

The lady patrons of the REPORTER are the most prompt to pay—they are generally honest.

There are a number of ladies aid societies connected with the churches of our town, and in every one we find evidence of business tact, and admirable management. When our ladies take hold of a matter its success is assured.

Among the ladies of our town there is some good material for school directorships—our board would get along with a little more smoothness perhaps, if a lady or two were in the board.

We can boast of as many good looking and accomplished young ladies as many other towns of larger population; if you don't believe it come and see.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been granted the past week:

Joseph Tast and Marie Pulita, both of Philipsburg.

Parry Faringner and Sallie Butter, both of Romola.

Chas. C. Gettig of Linden Hall and Lillian V. Fleisher, of Tusseyville.

Harry Lucas, of Boggs twp., and Agnes Helsel, of Tyrone.

David Chambers and Emma G. Gotwalt, both of Clarence.

James F. Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, and Minnie Veindorfer, of Moshannon.

Wm. H. Stover and Jennie Kline, both of Centre Hall.

Pretty Flowers.

A basket of as pretty flowers as one could wish for was presented to the the REPORTER, from Mrs. M. B. Richards, and for which we return thanks. These flowers, a half dozen different varieties, each in a bouquet, are of Mrs. Richard's own cultivation, and her flower beds are among the finest in these parts, for variety, taste of arrangment, and beauty. We love flowers, hence greatly appreciate the present.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freemyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by Wm. Pealer, Spring Mills.

—Do you want a fine dress shoe at a low figure? Mingle, Bellefonte, has them. Latest styles and shapes.

COBURN.

What Our Correspondent Finds of Interest to Our Readers.

Miss Verna Meyer after an extended visit to friends in York county, returned home one day last week.

Mrs. M. R. Stover has beautified the hotel property with a coat of paint.

William V. Gentzel has sold his timberland to Cyrus Meyer and Co., who will begin operations on same some time next fall.

D. B. Geary our venerable constable safely landed John Klinger alias John K. Anspach, in the Bellefonte jail from the county prison of Schuylkill county, where he had just finished a three years' term for horse stealing. He is charged with the same crime in this county having taken a horse and buggy from our hotelist, R. O. Braucht, some time in the year 1891.

The following is a list of visitors at this place over Sunday: Misses Stover and Musser, of near Fiedler, at E. H. Auman's; Mr. and Mrs. Reedy and Miss Mark, all of Union county, at John Hoffa's; Miss Lizzie Lose, of Fiedler, at J. A. Bowersox'; Mrs. Ripka, of Linden Hall, at James A. Kooney's; Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Shaffer, of Flemington, at T. B. Everetts; Freight conductor Allison, at G. R. Stover's, and Miss Minnie Colyer, of Tusseyville, at Ed. Robinson's.

The festival held under the auspices and for the benefit of the Lutheran Sunday school of this place, on Saturday evening, was a grand success financially and numerically. Crowds began to gather early in the evening to witness the tub race on the dam. There were quite a number of contestants for the prizes, which were won as follows: First prize of $5.00, by A. J. Everett; second prize of $2.50, by Jacob Kerstetter, Jr., and the last prize of 50 cents, by James Witmyer. After the tub race a large Russian bear was exhibited which went through the regular performance. This was followed by Prof. Frank Wingard walking a tight rope stretched across the dam completely putting in the shade Blondin's famous walk across the Niagara. The Citizen's Cornet Band, of Aaronsburg, discoursed some very fine music during these exercises; then the P. O. S. of A., of this place had a very fine parade headed by the band, then all went to the festival grounds for refreshments. They realized over $70.00. The illuminated bicycle race, for some reason failed to materialize.

A. J. Campbell has gone to Lewisburg to be gone several weeks. He is engaged in recovering some of the logs which escaped during the flood from Williamsport, and lodged near Lewisburg.

Mr. Harrison, a member of the Bellefonte Teacher's Corps, was at this place on Tuesday in the interests of some Pittsburg School Supply firm.

Dr. James P. Glenn.

After an illness of a comparatively brief duration, Dr. James P. Glenn died at Altoona Tuesday evening. At 5 o'clock last Saturday morning he was stricken with paralysis and from the effects of this stroke he never recovered.

The deceased was born in College township, Centre county, in October, 1845. He studied as a student in the office of Dr. Van Valzah. After being admitted to practice, he, for twenty-one years, was located at Snow Shoe, Centre county. Six years ago he went to Altoona where he has since resided.

He was married in 1868 to Miss Anna T. Glenn, of State College, and to this union eight children were born, two of whom are dead. At 7 o'clock, this Thursday morning the funeral party will leave for State College and at the latter place interment will be made.

Latest Snake Story.

Mrs. C. B. Remick while breaking eggs into a pan last evening broke one that contained a snake about three inches long. The little snake was perfect in shape and how it got into the egg is a mystery that is mystifying Mrs. Remick and her neighbors who were called in to see the "Varmint."—Lock Haven *Express*.

Communion Service.

Communion service will be held in the M. E. church of Centre Hall on Sabbath afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, August 5th. Dr. McGarrah, of Bellefonte, will conduct the services, and all are cordially invited to attend.

A Low Rate.

Tickets will be sold from Centre Hall on the Sea Shore Excursion via the Pennsylvania railroad on August 1st, at rate of $5.25; good on train leaving Centre Hall 7.06 a. m.

Married.

On the 17th inst., at the bride's home, at Coburn, Pa., by J. F. Garthoff, Esq., Mr. Frank V. Kerstetter and Miss Martha A. Allen.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

The truthful startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates nocotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray.

Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, office, 45 Randolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.

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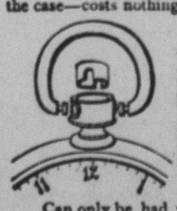
The great watch saver. Saves the watch from thieves and falls—cannot be pulled off the case—costs nothing extra.



The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases are now fitted with this great bow (ring). They look and wear like solid gold cases. Cost only about half as much, and are guaranteed for twenty years. Sold only through watch dealers. Remember the name

Non-pull-out

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PHILADELPHIA.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Daniel Fahringer, dec'd., late of Potter township, having been granted to the undersigned, she would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

EMMA FAHRINGER,
Administratrix.
Tusseyville.
nne21-6t

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AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 106 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.

When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 27, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.52 p m., Baltimore, 3.10 p m., Washington, 4.30 p. m. connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York. 9.38 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 7.50 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.01 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 11.15 p m., New York 3.55 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

7.57 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.33 a m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.33 a. m. week days, 10 35 a. m. Sunday, Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.40, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

6.04 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily except Sunday) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7 25 a. m. Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore 8.45 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.30 a m, Philas., 12.25 p m; Washington at 10.30 a m, Baltimore at 12.25 m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, arriving at Montandon at 6.04 p m, week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2.10 p m, week days, 2.00 p. m Sunday, Philadelphia 4.40 p m, week days, 4.30 p. m., Sundays, Washington 3.15 p m, Baltimore 4.12 p m, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore, 11.40 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	P.M.	A.M.		A M	P.M.	P M
1 58		5 40	Montandon	9 10		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 23	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 37	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 20		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
3 37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 23
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 53		8 02	Penn Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		2 59
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 23	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 33
4 37		8 47	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 1

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5 50 and 7.40 p m. turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 10.20 a m, 5.02 p m, 6.06 p m, and 8 09 p m

on Sundays trains leave montandon 10.18 a. m., and 7.58 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 10.20 a. m. and 8.00 p. m.

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THE NEWS.

Joseph Wallwitz was hung in Trenton, N. J., for the murder of Deputy Prison-keeper James P. Lippincott, in the state prison, Wallwitz serving a seven-years' sentence for horse-stealing at the time.——The jury of Fayette county, W.Va., convicted Chas. Bays of being implicated in the murder of Ike Radford, last November, and fixed his sentence at life imprisonment. Wash Adkins, who fired the shot, will be hanged.——The board of trustees of Shurtliff College (Baptist), of Alton, Ill., one of the oldest institutions of learning in the work, elected Rev. Austin K. Deblois, of St. Martins, New Brunswick, president of that institution. Mr. Deblois is only twenty-five years of age.——Wilmore, a small town in Kentucky, was badly damaged by a cyclone, and at least a dozen people were injured, one of them fatally. The Holiness Camp-meeting was struck, and every tent and cottage destroyed.——Adjutant General Tarsney, in a sharp letter to Judge Campbell, of Colorado Springs, Col., declined to appear before the grand jury there and testify in regard to the tarring and feathering to which he was subjected in that city.——A young woman giving her name as Lizzie Christine is under arrest in Sedalia, Mo., for horse-stealing. When arrested she had in her possession a horse and buggy and an extra set of harness, which were stolen from John Rice, of Webb City.

Republicans of North Dakota have nominated for governor Roger Allin.——The potters in East Liverpool, O., by an almost unanimous vote declared the strike off.——Between fifty-five and sixty indictments were found by the United States District Court in St. Paul.——A number of men applied at the Pullman works for reinstatement.——The federal troops moved out of Chicago.——Resolutions demanding a congressional investigation of Hon. Augustus J. Ricks, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, were adopted by the Central Labor Union at its meeting in Cleveland, O.——Thomas Gelselhart, of Middletown, N. Y., and his family of four ate some blackberries which had been picked among poison ivy vines. They are all dangerously ill, having apparently been poisoned.——The bottom of a converter at the Homestead Steel Works of Carnegie & Co., blew out, scattering 3,300 pounds of molten metal in every direction. Four workmen who were in the pit were terribly burned, two of them fatally.——James Sullivan, a school teacher, was poisoned in Shamokin, Pa., by his life-long friend, Thomas McCaffery who gave him a drink of corrosive sublimate in mistake for whiskey. Sullivan became unconscious, and was totally paralzed in ten minutes after he drank the poisonous compound. He cannot recover.——Three miners were killed and two injured in an accident at the Williamstown colliery.——Marshal Ryan, of Eastpoint, Ga., was shot in the breast, but not seriously, by a negro whom he had arrested. Ryan shot the negro dead and wounded another.

At Lake Argo, Col., a boy was killed by lightning. At Colorado Springs a boy was made blind by lightning.——At Topeka, Kan., Judge Foster, of the Federal Court, appointed Waldo H. Howard, of Kansas City, and W. S. Hinman, of Boston, receivers of the Commonwealth Loan and Trust Company, of Kansas City, Kan. The company went into voluntary liquidation about three years ago. The army worm is doing much damage about Marshfield, Wisconsin.——A sextuple photograph telescope will shortly be placed in the observatory of Yale University.——Thomas H. Gorman, editor of the Ottawa Free Press, died at Ottawa, of heart trouble. He was thirty-eight years old and had achieved considerable reputation as a writer for American magazines.——The Canadian government is investigating the ways of obtaining and distributing vaccine from the government farm. There have so far occurred at Montreal three deaths, under terrible suffering, from bad vaccine.——At Louisville Mrs. T. F. Meagher killed her father, John Ashbacker, who was beating her mother.——Forest fires near Egg Harbor, N. J., have caused much damage.——The corner-stone of an Odd Fellows' hall was laid at Albany.——Whitecaps have been operating in Brown county, Ind.——At Columbus, O., the Court of Common Pleas refused to appoint a receiver for the Fraternal Mystic Circle, holding that the order is solvent.——Citizens of Knightsville, Ind., gave a farewell banquet to the four strikers convicted of assisting in the stoning to death of Engineer Barr.——The Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo strike and the strike at the National Tube Works at McKeesport have been declared off.

The Arkansas Construction Company builders and promoters of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad, decided at a meeting in Kansas City to increase the capital stock of the company from $1,000,000 to $5,500,000. The purpose is to extend the line from Siloam, Mo., to Shreveport, La., about four hundred miles.——By a failure to comply with the receiver's order to pay up all deficiencies by or before July 15, or forfeit all claims or dividends, the members of Cambridge, Mass., branch, No. 34, Iron Hall, will lose about $60,000.——Marion Howard, colored, who was in jail in Scottsville, Ky., on the charge of rape, was taken out by a mob and lynched.——The cooperage mills of Essex, Kent and Lambton, Ont., shut down throwing twelve hundred men out of employment. General depression in business is the cause. It is expected operations will also cease in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and that twenty-three thousand employes will have to be laid off.——Lizzie Ozier shot Richard Leye, her Indian lover, at the Pennsylvania Railroad shops in Pavonia, N. J.——Forest fires are causing much destruction in the neighborhood of Hinckley, Minn.

A HORSE KILLS A BABY.

Mrs. Miller Returned Home to Find the Animal Gnawing Her Little One.

Mrs. Trueman Miller, who lives two miles south of Huntington, Va., while picking berries left her little eight months' old babe lying under the shade of a tree. On returning she found a horse gnawing the little one, and its head was almost mangled to pieces. The poor mother is overcome with grief and seems to be losing her mind.

MRS. LYNN LINTON, the novelist, is said to have been the first woman who wrote for the daily newspapers. Since her first novel appeared, forty-six years ago, she has written over fifty volumes. She is also very clever in embroidery and designing on wood.

SCENE OF HORROR.

Frightful Explosion on a Chicago Boulevard.

COMBUSTION OF A CAISSON.

Death, Mutilation, and Mortal Injury Wrought in a Moment.-Bodies Flying High in the Air.-Details of the Catastrophe.

A caisson, of Battery F, Second Artillery, United States army, exploded with terrific force shortly after one o'clock at Grand and Oakwood boulevards, Chicago. Two artillerymen and one trooper were instantly killed, nearly a score of other persons—troops, residents in the vicinity and passers-by were injured—some of them fatally.

The troops left Brighton Park for a long march around the city to exercise the horses. They were in command of Captain Dodd, of Troop F, Third Cavalry, and consisted of Troop F, Third Cavalry, forty men; Troop E, Sixth Cavalry, Lieut. Tate, forty men; platoon of Battery F, Second Artillery, two guns, Lieutenant Gayle, twenty-three men; Troop B, Seventh Cavalry, Capt. Varnum, forty men. The men marched in this order. Everything went smoothly, and there were no incidents until the column marching south on Grand boulevard was just crossing Oakwood boulevard. Then a terrific explosion occurred. The men on the caisson, supposed to be Donovan and Doyle, were literally blown to pieces, and others were thrown many feet by the violence of the concussion. Four of the horses drawing the caisson fell in their tracks, shot through and horribly mangled, while three others were blown fifty feet ahead against the trees on the boulevard. The caisson was blown to atoms, not a piece of it larger than a man's hand being found. The boulevard looked like a battlefield.

There was a quick series of explosions after the first report, and shrapnel shot rained like hail among the trees of the boulevard and pierced the surrounding buildings. The concussion broke every window in the houses for blocks around. The wall and roofs of the dwellings showed the terrific effect of the missiles. Unexploded shells of the rear part of the caisson lay strewn over the ground. With the explosion came great confusion among the troops, and for a moment the men and officers seemed powerless to move. To this was added the fright of the occupants of the surrounding houses, who ran screaming from their dwellings only to be sickened by the sight in the street.

A still alarm of fire had been turned in, and with the fire department came the stock yards police patrol wagon.

It was some little time before the two dead artillerymen could be found. One of them, mangled beyond recognition, but supposed to be Doyle, had been blown over a board sign twenty-five feet high, and was found in a vacant lot behind it. One leg and an arm were gone. The other man, supposed to be Donovan, had been thrown about 300 feet diagonally to the right, and was found in a vacant lot near Lake Shore tracks. Joseph Gaylor was found near where he was struck.

Great damage was wrought by the explosion to the neighboring property. Windows in most of the surrounding houses were blown out, and the damage to residence and park property in the neighborhood of the accident is estimated at about $10,000. The house of E. C. Huhling was damaged to the extent of about $1,000, most of the windows being completely demolished. One of the shells struck the roof of the house and tore part of it away. Another shell struck between one of the bay windows and the hall of Mr. Huhling's house, and stuck in this position. J. H. Buster, of 3928 Grand boulevard, lives directly opposite where the accident occurred, and sustained a loss of about $1,000.

A large piece of one of the wheels of the gun-carriage was carried through his sitting-room window, and carried away a large lamp, which stood in the window. The house of Samuel Foster, attorney for the Grand Trunk railroad, suffered a loss of about $1,000, having every window in the house shot away and the blinds of the front window torn to pieces. At the home of Maurice G. Dodge, at 3925 Grand Boulevard, the loss was about $700, mostly in plate-glass windows and woodwork around the rooms. The house of F. H. Howe, at 3931 Grand Boulevard, was one of the buildings mostly damaged. His loss is estimated at $2,000. The house of A. Devin, at 3933 Grand Boulevard, was damaged about $1,500. One of the iron shells struck the balcony rail and lodged there. All the windows were blown out and the glass scattered around the rooms, together with pieces of the gun-carriage and surrounding trees.

LIGHTNING HITS A BOAT.

Nineteen Men and a Girl Shocked, Several of Them Fatally.

In the midst of a severe thunder storm the lightning struck the steamboat Mexico, which is laid up for repairs in the dry dock, at Algiers, opposite New Orleans. Nineteen men were at work on the boat and all were knocked insensible.

When the rescuing party went on board they found Peter Thompson dead, quite black and blue and evidently killed instantly. The other men were lying around him insensible and apparantly dead. They recovered, however, after some time. William Owens, who was struck in the back of the head was mentally injured. He was completely insane when he recovered from the shock and raved incessantly.

Bertha Alpoints, a little girl, who happened to be on the boat was struck by a piece of iron unloosened by the lightning and will die. Richard Hontil, another workman, was fatally injured. The other sixteen men were seriously but it is not thought fatally shocked. The rain was very severe and the principal streets of Algiers were some two feet under water.

ALLEN CHANDLER, the Secretary of State of Georgia, is popularly known as the "Plowboy of Pigeon Roost."

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

SENATE.

176TH DAY.—Two more appropriation bills, the Legislature, Executive and Judicial and the District of Columbia, were disposed of by the United States Senate. The Agricultural Appropriation bill was also considered, and was on the point of being passed, but there were several individual amendments left to be considered. The Anti-option bill, which has been on the Vice President's table since it came from the House several weeks ago, was referred to the Committee on Agricultural and Forestry. The conference report on the Military Academy Appropriation bill was agreed to.

177TH DAY.—A surprise was sprung upon the United States Senate which blocked the hitherto rapid progress on the appropriation bills and almost prevented the immediate passage of the Agricultural Appropriation bill. The bill seemed on the eve of being passed, when Mr. Hansbrough offered an amendment appropriating $1,000,000 for the destruction of the Russian cactus or thistle. It was immediately laid before the Senate, when the Agricultural bill was again taken up. A point of order made against it was decided in the negative by a vote of the Senate—26 to 22. The amendment consumed the remainder of the day and led to considerable discussion. It was finally adopted by a vote of 27 to 24. Several unimportant bills were passed early in the day.

178TH DAY.—The Indian Appropriation bill was under discussion in the Senate, without final action. The only important appropriation tacked on the bill in the Senate was for $18,750 for the St. Joseph's Indian Industrial School, in Wisconsin. Bills were passed authorizing Rear Admiral John G. Walker, Surgeon General J. Rufus Tryon and Commander C. H. Davis to accept medals or decorations from foreign countries. A bill was passed to allow the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Washington, D. C., to change its motive power from horses to pneumatic or underground power. The conference report on the Naval Appropriation bill was agreed to.

179TH DAY.—In the Senate, a message was received from the House, announcing that that body insisted on its disagreement, and asked for a further conference. Mr. Voorhees asked to have this measure laid before the Senate, after which he announced that a full and free conference had been had; that the House conferees had not agreed to the Senate amendments, and that the Senate conferees had insisted upon them. The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up and passed. The report of the conferees on the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill was agreed to.

180TH DAY.—The Senate proceedings proper were of a peculiar nature, in that the debate was carried on entirely by the Democrats, save a brief question by Senator Sherman and a question by Senator Alrich. The principal speeches of the day were those of Senators Hill and Vest, though others contributed to the interest of the occasion. Senator Hill's position endorsing the President in most emphatic terms was one of the most conspicuous incidents of the day. Senator Vest took occasion to talk in plain terms in defense of the right of the Senate and House to manage its conference without executive interference.

HOUSE.

176TH DAY.—The House of Representatives by a vote of 125 to 27, adopted a resolution offered by Mr. McCreary, of Kentucky, endorsing the action of the President and the administration in suppressing lawlessness in connection with the strike. It was adopted under suspension of the rules, only thirty-eight minutes being allowed for debate. Mr. McCreary and Mr. Catchings made short speeches in support of the resolution, and Mr. Pence and Mr. Bland indulged in some criticism of the action of the administration. The remainder of the day was spent in an effort to press the Bailey Bankruptcy bill, but, although it was engrossed and read a third time, the quorum failed on the final vote.

177TH DAY.—The House of Representatives passed the Baily voluntary bankruptcy bill by a vote of 127 to 81, and devoted the remainder of the day to business reported from the Judiciary Committee. Only two bills, however, were disposed of, one to create an additional circuit judge for the eighth judicial circuit and the other making United States railroad corporations, for the purpose of jurisdiction, citizens of the states through which they pass or into which they go.

178TH DAY.—The House devoted the day to the consideration of bills reported from the Committee on Military Affairs. Bills were passed to regulate enlistments in the army; to authorize the board of managers of the Soldiers' Home to transfer and maintain the inmates of any branch in case of emergency; to place Major General John L. Green on the retired list as a first lieutenant, and some others.

179TH DAY.—In the House, a report was made on the work done on the Tariff bill in conference. A special order was brought in from the Committee on Rules, limiting the debate on the motion to disagree to the Senate's demands to two hours, and was so worded as to prevent specific instructions on sugar or any other particular schedule.

180TH DAY.—The House of Representatives was able to transact much business in a short time. Half a-dozen bills were passed without opposition or debate in the hour devoted to the Committee on Judiciary. One was the bill by Mr. W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, providing for consular inspection of immigrants and that every immigrant entering the United States must exhibit a certificate of fitness signed by the consul of the port from which he sailed.

THE NEXT NEW DOLLAR BILL.

A Pretty Design is Promised by the Treasury Department.

Claude M. Johnson, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving, received from Secretary Carlisle, his approval for a new design for the $1 silver certificate, which will come into use next year.

The details of the work were done by Will H. Lowe and the engraving of the plates will be done by Charles Schlect, now engraving the World's Fair Diploma. The design represents history instructing youth. History is represented by a female figure in a reclining position with her right arm around a youth and the left extended forward pointing towards the City of Washington in the background. The open pages of a book on the other end of the note contains the Constitution of the United States.

The border consists of wreaths all around the note, in each of which is a name prominent in American history as a statesman, author, inventor, soldier or sailor.

COVERED WITH MOLTEN METAL.

Four Men Horribly Burned at Homestead Pa.,—Two Will Die.

The bottom of a converter at the Homestead Steel Works of Carnegie & Co. blew out, scattering 3,300 pounds of molten medal in every direction.

Four workmen who were in the pit were terribly burned, two of them fatally. Their names are:

Peter Nelson, burned all over the body; will die.

Timothy Diamond, terribly burned about head and breast; will die.

Michael Holleran, dangerously burned.

William Davis, head and face burned; will recover.

ONLY FRAGMENTS FOUND.

Eight Miners Blown to Atoms by Giant Powder in Pennsylvania.

A despatch from Hazleton, Pa., says: Another mine disaster occurred at Stockton No. 8, which in details is the most shocking which ever took place in the Lehigh coalfields. Two hundred sticks of giant powder exploded in the midst of a gang of miners, and not enough of their bodies was left intact to recognize them.

The names of the victims are: Charles O'Donnell, aged 25, married; Andrew Jabol, aged 38, married; John Primbone, aged 22, single; John Koehleda, aged 23, single; Anthony Horcavitz, aged 25, single; John Krinock, aged 28, married; John Motefeski, aged 44, married, and John Brizzon, aged 25, single.

The drivers went into the stables to harness their mules, and it was while thus engaged that the explosion took place. Charles Shugert says he saw about a dozen men standing about O'Donnell receiving the powder a moment before the explosion took place. The drivers were hurled about promiscuously. The men were paralyzed with fright, and, fearing an explosion of gas had taken place and a collapse of the entire mine was about to follow, they simply waited for death.

It was in this position they were found by some miners from No. 2, who hastened through the subterranean passageways to No. 8. As soon as lights were seen the demoralized drivers hastened to the bottom of the shaft. There a terrible sight met their gaze. Strewn over the twisted and torn timbers were fragments of human flesh and bones and limbs of the unfortunate miners. The men were too sick to attempt to remove the remains of the dead.

Rescuing parties were quickly formed, and headed by Superintendent Roderick, a corps of miners descended into the mine. The work of recovering the bodies was at once begun, but it was a difficult task. Fragments of human flesh were found some distance up the slope clinging to the rails and ties and sticking to the roof, while everywhere were bones and limbs.

At 10 o'clock Forman Shugart came up and gave out what information he could to satisfy the distracted relatives of the unfortunate miners. The details of the disaster were too sickening to be repeated and the widows and orphans had to be satisfied with the simple statement that all the men were dead. Arrangements for bringing the remains to the surface were then made. Orders for ten boxes were given to the undertakers.

At the bottom of the slope a different scene was transpiring. As each fragment of human flesh was found it was taken to the turn-out, which is a wide opening, where an improvised table was erected, and the work of sorting out the pieces of flesh was put in charge of several men. As each limb and particle of flesh was brought out it was washed and cleaned and placed where it fitted with the body. After all had been arranged the hoisting to the surface commenced.

In order that the feelings of the relatives of the men might be spared, it was arranged to hoist each box to the top of the tower, and from there take them to their several homes. As each box appeared on the surface an agonizing wail went up from the multitude in waiting. Women tore their hair and shrieks of agony rent the air.

The officials did everything possible to assuage their grief, but very little could be done.

CABLE SPARKS.

A DENIAL of the alarmist rumors concerning the health of the Pope is made by the pontiff's physician.

THE cruiser Chicago was run into by a tank steamer in Antwerp harbor and damaged to the extent of $12,000.

A CONFERENCE of foreign representatives has been held in Seoul in an effort to settle the dispute between China and Japan.

ADDITIONAL earthquake shocks were felt in Eastern Turkey, and it is estimated that nearly two hundred persons were killed.

TWENTY fishing boats, which were out during a recent storm near Bilboa, Spain, are missing, and many lives are probably lost.

THE principal socialist objection to the French anti-anarchist regulations is the provision for summary trial of anarchists by a judge.

ELISE RECLUS'S latest book "My Brother, the Peasant," has been seized by the Paris authorities on account of its anarchistic tendencies.

THE British minister to Mexico, the Hon. P. Lepoer Trench, has been promoted to be envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary at Tokio, Japan.

PRESIDENT CASIMIR-PERIER visited the United States ambassador, the Hon. James B. Eustis, in Paris and remained half an hour at the embassy.

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER has given to the city of Paris a bronze group portraying the founders of American independence, Washington and Lafayette.

A FIERCE fire raged among the free-harbor docks in Hamburg. Immense stores of tobacco and coffee were destroyed. The loss will amount to $375,000.

THE French Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 369 to 80 has passed a resolution inviting the government to introduce at an early day its proposal in regard to taxation revenue.

CHOLERA is steadily spreading in Austrian Galicia and in the province directly South. Twenty new cases, eleven of which have proved fatal, have been reported within the last three days.

THE Palace d'Ete Theatre, recently opened in Brussels, was destroyed by fire just after the conclusion of the performance. The fire spread to adjoining buildings, and the total loss is estimated at 1,000,000 francs.

The American bark Mary S. Ames, bound from Samarang, Java, for Delagoa bay, South Africa, has been abandoned at sea in a sinking condition. Part of the crew were saved and landed near Cape Town.

REPUBLIC OF HAWAII

Sanford B. Dole, First President of the New Government, Declared July 4th.

Advices received by steamer from Honolulu show that a Republic was proclaimed in the Hawaiian Island on July 4. Sanford B. Dole, the Provisional President, is the first president of the new republic. When the steamer bringing the advices sailed many persons had taken the oath of allegiance.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

The annual grove meeting of the Chester Heights Association was opened with Rev. Charles Boswell in charge.

The first of the three days set apart by the State Chautauqua for the entertainment of public school teachers proved a successful venture.

Two men were fatally and four others seriously wounded in a fight in a Wilkes-Barre saloon.

By the bursting of a converter in the Homestead Steel Works two workmen were burned to death and two others are likely to die.

John Minn, who was arrested in New York and brought to Hazleton, charged with stealing $400 from a fellow countryman, was held for court trial at Hazleton, part of the money being found in a cavity in his boot heels.

Wm. Burrs, a farmer of Liberty, was almost cut to pieces by falling on the knives of a mowing machine.

The Bureau of Industrial Statistics has prepared a report on the subject of apprentices and industrial schools.

Two boys ran away from their homes Nanticoke to go to Chicago to fight the troops.

Preparations are on foot for a general strike in the iron mills at Pittsburg to force a recognition of the Amalgamated Association. Puddlers will be called out first.

Officer Umsted, of Coatesville, arrested three men supposed to be ringleaders of a gang of thieves who have been working that part of the county.

A fast freight on the Pennsylvania, ran into a herd of cows near Long Run Junction. The train was wrecked, but no one was killed.

The authorities at Hazleton claim to have a clue that will lead to the arrest of a man suspected of the murder of John Stetz.

The Steelton residence of a colored man named White, who recently left home to take the place of a striker at Punxsutawney, was blown up by dynamite.

A dynamite cartridge of heavy size was exploded on the front stoop of the residence of Brian Healy, of Dunmore, two miles from Scranton. The stoop was demolished, the pillars supporting it were blown away, the windows were shattered and a hole was crushed in the side of the dwelling. Had Mr. Healy been sleeping in the front bedroom he would have been killed. He ascribes the deed to a personal enemy and says that fear of such a mishap caused him to change his bed from the front to the rear part of the house.

George Shaw, of 112 East street, Allegheny dreamed that he was being chased by a monster. In his fright he jumped from a second story window, and when he awoke on the sidewalk he found himself badly cut and bruised.

Eight miners were blown to atoms by an explosion of fifty pounds of dynamite in Stockton No. 8 colliery.

The State Board of Agriculture has completed the list of State and county fairs.

Rev. A. T. Clay, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, lectured to the State Chautauquans on ancient subjects.

The Alabama County Medical Society has appointed a committee to investigate feasible methods of capital punishment other than hanging.

Burgess Cooper, of Media, imposed a fine on the Chester beer bottlers who were recently discharged by Judge Clayton.

A fishing party consisting of Lafayette Hawk, J. P. Wetherill, Charles Wetherill, Henry Tittle and J. W. Kresge narrowly escaped being killed while driving to Deep Lake. At Long Pond a large pine tree started to fall just as the party were riding past. Hawk was thrown violently to the ground. Tittle was struck by the tree and rendered unconscious, and the rest of the party succeeded in jumping from the wagon just in time to save their lives. The wagon and a boat were crushed by the tree.

Edward Cassidy, a laborer, aged 25, employed at the West End Rolling Mills, Lebanon, while at work made a miss-step and fell into a tank filled with water heated to the boiling point. His body from the waist down was horribly scalded, his skin falling off as fast as he was drawn out of the tank.

Centralia is a town without a tax collector. Both the Town Council and the School Board have combined their efforts to secure a collector, but no one wants the job. The lawful compensation is no inducement, and it is believed that 10 per cent. will have to be allowed before a collector can be obtained. In the meantime the borough treasury is depleted and the officials are in a quandary.

THE FRUIT CROP.

What the Outlook Is This Year—A Bad Apple Season.

Only a meagre crop of apples for this season is predicted by the July report of the statistician of the department of Agriculture. This shows that the average condition of apples in the whole country is 47.6 per cent. In a few localities—New England, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, the mountain and Pacific States—the conditions still point to a crop ranging from fair to good but in most of these the fruit is now dropping badly and a further reduction of the percentages will doubtless be shown by the next returns. A few states follow these with the possibility of a half crop, so far as present indications go to show, while the remainder of them States of large production, have such low percentages as to leave no doubt of the failure of the crop within their respective boundaries.

The peach crop is even in worse condition, for the average for the whole country is but 24.3 per cent. The outlook, however, for peaches is no worse than it was a month ago.

In the States east of the Rockies, where any chance for a crop remained, the conditions have been sustained. This fact, considering the intervention of the June drop, is somewhat reassuring, even though, at the most, this can mean but half a crop in New Jersey, and a little more than that in Michigan. The supply drawn from Connecticut is small, but in the time of scarcity is important. The condition in that state is comparatively high. California, as usual, reports the peach crop in fine condition.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts possesses the finest and most carefully preserved copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1623.

THE CENSUS WORK.

Report of What Has Been Done During the Fiscal Year.

The operations of the Census Office for the fiscal year ending June 30 are reviewed in detail in the annual report of Superintendent Carroll D. Wright. The total disbursements on account of the eleventh census to and including June 30, 1894, amounted to $10,365,677. This was expended under different appropriations as follows:

Expenses, eleventh census, $8,475,149. Farms, homes and mortgage statistics, $1,287,073; and printing, engraving and binding $603,455. The total force receiving compensation at the end of the year was 672. It is expected that this number will be reduced during this month, so that the census work can be completed ready for the printer under the present appropriation. Small appropriations, however, will be necessary at the opening of Congress in December for printing and binding the final results, and for continuing a force of proofreaders and revisers.

The total number of printed pages of the census volumes is 22,299. Of this, 19,446 printed pages of copy have been prepared, and the rest will be finished during the next few months and under available appropriations. In accordance with the act approved April 21, 1894, an abstract of the census has been prepared, containing, however, only the results so far reached.

A previous act called for a digest of the census, which Colonel Wright considers unnecessary, and he recommends that Congress provide in some deficiency bill next December for dropping the digest and substituting for it a second edition of the abstract, extending its size to 300 pages, containing all essential totals and comparing them with the tenth census totals.

The report concludes as follows: "In accordance with an act of Congress I took charge of the Census Office, October 6, 1893. After examining the condition of the eleventh census, I reported that by June 30, 1894, copy for all the volumes could be in hand except for parts of the three reports relating to population, vital statistics and farms and homes. This work has been carried on as far as it was contemplated at the time. The balance of the reports can be in copy in a very short time, and under appropriations now available. In completing the eleventh census the plan originally laid down by my predecessor that it should be purely a statistical census, has been adhered to. A provision should be made for the permanent binding of schedules to conform to the customs of the past, for which I will at the proper time make the requisite recommendations."

JOHN L. GRIFFITHS, Supreme Court reporter for Indiana, is called the silver-tongued orator of the Hoosier State. He holds the same office that General Harrison resigned to go into the field at the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.		@ $	4 00
High Grade Extra			3 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	56¾		57¼
CORN—No. 2 White	52		54
OATS—Southern & Penn.	51		52
Western White	50		51
RYE—No. 2	45		50
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 50		16 00
Good to Prime	15 00		15 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.			12 50
Wheat Blocks	7 00		7 50
Oat Blocks	9 50		10 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3		@ $	95
No. 2	70		75
PEAS—Standards	1 20		1 60
Seconds			90
CORN—Dry Pack			85
Moist			75
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$ 5	@	5¼
City Cows	3¾		4
Southern No. 2			4
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 75	@	85
ONIONS	70		80
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.		@ $	7¾
Clear ribsides	8		8¼
Hams	12½		13¼
Mess Pork, per bar			14 75
LARD—Crude			7
Best refined			8½
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 18	@ $	19
Under fine	17½		18
Roll	16		17
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N.Y. Fancy	$ 10½	@ $	10½
N. Y. flats	10½		10¾
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$ 11½	@ $	12
North Carolina	10		11
POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 11	@ $	12
Ducks, per lb	8		10
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50	@ $	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 35	@ $	4 50
Good to Fair	3 75		4 25
SHEEP	1 50		3 00
Hogs	5 25		5 75
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	56¾		58
RYE—Western	48		50
CORN—No. 2	47		47¾
OATS—No. 3	40		41
BUTTER—State	12		18
EGGS—State	13		14
CHEESE—State	7¼		9¼

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	58¼		58¼
CORN—No. 3	47⅞		48
OATS—N. 2	45		46
BUTTER—State	21		24
EGGS—Penns. ft	12		12¼

A SONG OF HOPE.

Never mind about the weather, if it hails,
or if it snows;
Never mind about the weather, if the
world has one sweet rose!
Never mind about the weather, pray your
prayer and sing your song;
Soon the ships will sail together—sight
the harbor lights ere long!

Never mind about the weather, though
the storm be sweeping far;
Back of all there beams the rainbow and
the splendor of a star!
Never mind about the weather; for the
loneliest ship draws near—
O'er the blackest of the billows, where
the harbor lights shine clear.

—[Atlanta Constitution.

Car'line's Lover.

BY WILLIAM G. LEE.

At the head of a picturesque little valley high up among the foothills of the Boston mountains, a turbulent little stream rushes abruptly and with boisterous conceit from a cavern in the face of rocky, overhanging cliffs, bearing the befitting title of Roaring River. On the banks of this noisy boaster, out of reach of its threatening power, though still commanding an excellent view of its mysterious source, I sat late in the afternoon of a sultry July day. Satiated with the ceaseless whimsicalities of the stream and lulled by the silent surroundings and my comfortable seat I had relapsed into a meditative mood, from which I was suddenly aroused by the greeting, "How d'ye do!" in an easy, drawling tone. I turned toward the speaker, a man some thirty-two or thirty-three years old, tall and broad-shouldered, hollow chested, of loose build, with long, straight, yellow hair and ragged beard of reddish hue. He was clad in coarse homespun cotton shirt and snuff-colored jean trousers. His feet were shod with coarse cowhide boots, the bottoms of his trousers legs caught up and held by the ear-like straps of his heavy footgear.

"Powerful warm," he added, as he leaned a long, muzzle-loading rifle against my tree, and mopping the perspiration from his face with a red bandanna handkerchief worn loosely about his neck, he proceeded to let himself down the bank to the water's edge, where, stretching full length upon a huge flat rock just above the surface of the stream, and laying aside his broad-brimmed hat, he projected his lips until they met and dipped the water simultaneously with the end of his nose, and indulged in potations long and deep.

"I reckon you're the new school teacher," he said after he had regained the top of the bank. I replied in effect that I enjoyed that distinction.

"Wall now, I'm right glad to see you Mr. ——Wilkeson, ain't it?" he inquired. "Wilkinson," I responded; "W-i-l-k-i-n-s-o-n, Wilkinson. Do you live near here?

"Yas, down on the first clearing this side of Dr. Tyler's plantation, jest at the foot of Hog's Back. My name is Joslyn. Ike Joslyn everybody calls me."

"I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Joslyn," I said. "I wish to make the acquaintance of all the people in the district as fast as I find opportunity. Have you any children? I have none of your name on my roll yet, though I am told that as soon as the season of cultivating the crops is past, there will be quite an addition to the number of pupils now in attendance."

"Wall, yes," he returned, "I've got four. They ain't none of um old enough to go to school, though, but Hetty, and she has to take care of the rest. Jest as soon as I can git any one to take care of the house and children, I'm going to send Hetty to school. Hetty takes to larnin'. She knows all her letters now," he said with evident pride. "How many scholars have you got?"

"About thirty."

"I s'pose Nate Watson's children go?" looking at me inquiringly.

"Yes," I answered, "I have eight from there."

"The school's a mighty good thing," he continued presently. "I wasn't raised in this yere backwoods country, I came from Pike county, Illinoiz, and I believe in gettin' an ejykashun. I never had much chance when I wuz a boy. I'd like to go to school now," he added with increasing earnestness.

Ike's earnestness impressed me, nay inspired me, after the discouragements of my short experience as a public school teacher in the woods of Arkansas. Did not the Hon. Obadiah Wellman, State senator, preacher, planter and shoemaker, learn to read and write after he had married and become the father of a family? And Andrew Johnson, at one time chief executive of this great nation, was he not taught by his wife, writing and arithmetic?

I was late that night and supper was waiting for me. Betsy Ann's jaws were working. The widow and her twenty-five-year's-old daughter, Betsy Ann, seldom indulged in the extravagant habit of dipping snuff, but chewed plug tobacco of their own production and manufacture as a substitute. Whatever the cause, all sign of Betsy Ann's disturbed equilibrium disappeared when, seated at the supper table, I rehearsed my interview with Ike Joslyn.

"Jest like him," said the widow. "He's a terrible vacillating sort o' man. Those Pike county fellars are never no account.

"He's got a nice piece of bottom land, but he's too lazy to fence it in and clear it up, and he keeps on cropping that upland, and it's so poor that it won't scarcely raise sassafras now. He ain't got more'n three acres in his clearin' anyhow."

"Pretty near four," says Betsy Ann.

"Did Ike say anything about protracted meetin'?" said the widow at breakfast table the following morning. I looked up inquiringly and she continued: "It's about time they had it, most everybody's got their craps laid by and if they wait too long, first pinkin'll come on."

"Deacon Brown said last Sunday he thought they'd have it about a Monday," said Betsy Ann.

The next day, Sunday, the sun shone brightly and fervently. In the afternoon Jim and I made a hunting expedition. Late in the day, weary and warm and laden with wood ticks, we emerged into a clearing and were greeted with the regulation hubbub of dogs. Recognizing the home of Nate Watson, we stopped to quench our thirst and rest our weary legs.

Mr. Watson's family consisted of four children by his first wife, Mrs. Watson's five children by a former husband, and three children, fruit of the present alliance. On this occasion the children were all, except Caroline and the two younger, in the corn and cotton fields. Caroline was helping her mother about the kitchen, a small detached building about a rod from the main house. Mr. Watson, a tall, powerfully built man, clad in the regulation coarse homespun cotton shirt and jean trowsers, minus shoes and stockings, sat on the porch just putting the finishing touches to his rifle, which he had evidently been cleaning. Ike Joslyn lounged beside him.

Upon my asking for water, Nate called: "Car'line, bring the gen'lemen some water."

A moment later I caught a glimpse of a female figure in calico gown and sunbonnet disappear by a path from the house into a thicket of second growth pines and sassafras, and directly after emerge, coming toward us carrying a wooden bucket. When she reached the porch and deposited the brimming pail of spring water with drinking gourd, although she never raised her eyes, which were deeply hidden in the great homely sunbonnet, but turned immediately and retraced her steps to the kitchen, I saw a pretty sun-browned hand, two small, perfectly-shaped bare feet, and just the merest glimpse of a dainty little chin beneath a sweet, tender mouth that I knew belonged to a girl in her teens.

"Why should she hide her eyes in that ugly sunbonnet?" I thought, for she must have pretty eyes. I was conscious that Ike's gaze followed her intently as long as she was in sight, though neither of them spoke.

The Sabbath day, though hotter than ever, found the old log church with no suggestion of loneliness. A large congregation had assembled. The interior was filled to the very doorways, and listeners with uncovered heads stood outside at the windows. A few colored people stood in respectful attitude just outside of the doors, to catch the utterances of the speaker, sometimes loud and vehement rising to a frenzied pitch, and again descending in low solemn tones to a whisper, succeeded by a pause of awful and threatening silence. In closing the preacher announced that the protracted meetings would commence on the morrow, to continue for the remainder of the week, and the week following, if the interest already manifested did not abate.

One after another the days of revival passed. Every day I opened my school, then dismissed my pupils and as in duty bound attended the meetings.

At last the great revival was over. Another Monday morning had come and the world seemed bright and beautiful as I walked briskly along the forest road toward the old log church to resume again my school duties without interruption.

In all my thoughts of the work again about to commence, the face of Caroline was vividly prominent. And as I drew nearer the old log church all else seemed to retreat into the background and fade entirely from my thoughts. I should learn to know and understand her now as no other could, as I assisted and guided her innocent mind in the pursuit of knowledge. Perhaps as I corrected her copy or assisted her in the knotty problems of written arithmetic I might accidentally touch the pretty hand or the soft, wavy hair.

"Look a yere! where's that yellar-haired, white-livered, sneakin' Pike county horse thief gone with my gal?"

A mighty grip seized my shoulder as in an iron vise, and wrenching me rudely from my blissful dreams, twisted me around until I faced the angry, murderous gaze of Nate Watson. He had overtaken me coming from the trees to the left of the trail, and had thus savagely seized me before I was aware of his presence. We were standing on the bank of Roaring river by the tree where I had first seen Ike Joslyn.

"What do you mean, Mr. Watson?" I replied in a surprisingly calm voice, considering my state of mind.

"Where's Ike Joslyn gone with Car'line?" he demanded.

"Ike Joslyn with Caroline!" I repeated with such evident astonishment and dismay that he relaxed his hold and his hand fell heavily to his side.

"Didn't you know the dirty 'kloty' had 'loped with Car'line?" he asked almost plaintively.

"Eloped with Caroline!" I could only repeat in my dazed surprise. And then as the true meaning of his words gradually dawned upon my confused intellect, a most painful dread seized me. Eloped! I had only thought in a bewildered sort of way of his kidnapping her.

"Yes, they went to Devil's Gap and were married last night, and nobody knows which way they went from there," he said. "Walter Simms jest came from the Gap and says Parson Jeffries told him they rode up to his place on Ike's old grey mare about nine o'clock last night and he married 'em. I 'lowed you helped him work up his deviltry he was so interested in school and you took sich blamed lot o' stock in him, urging him to go. I'll kill him on sight if old Bess don't fail me," he added, as he raised the famous rifle to his shoulder and sighted across its barrel at an imaginary Ike Joslyn.

We walked toward the church, Nate giving vent to his angry denunciations of Ike, and I explaining how far my suspicions were even of such a plot, and expressing my sympathy as best I could, all rather mechanically, for I had experienced such a revulsion of feeling, on the sudden awakening from my bright and happy dreams, that I was in a state of mental collapse and unfit to play the part of sympathetic sage. "Great heavens!" I thought, "that sweet-faced, gentle child passively following that lout to be made his wife!"

The day, as all days must, wore away at last. The happy anticipations born in the bright, beautiful morning were never realized. The exercises were painfully tedious. The pupils, during intermissions, were gathered in excited little knots, discussing the last sensation. I was glad to get through with it all and go back to my boarding place. It is curious how the heart rebels at times against the strongest array of facts. My faith in Caroline was stronger than the most damaging evidence that could be brought against her. By the time I had reached my boarding-place I was persuaded that Caroline was the helpless victim of the villain Ike. That she was his mesmeric influence, being either drugged or hypnotized, and had allowed herself to be wedded to him while not responsible for her actions.

"Merciful heavens!" I thought, "what must be her mental torture when she regains her right mind."

About dinner time Jim put in an appearance.

"Hello!" he cried, when he caught sight of me, "Ike's come back." I nearly fell off the rail fence, where I had perched myself with a hatful of peaches, in the desperate effort to arouse myself from my miserable broodings. He could not have stunned me more completely with a sand bag.

"Here's a tragedy now surely," I thought. "Won't any one put Ike on his guard?"

Jim again disappeared immediately after dinner. The afternoon found me in a worse state of mind than in the morning. "What could I do to avert this certain calamity?" was the burden of my thoughts.

"Hello, Mr. Wilkinson, won't you go to the shivaree (charivari)?" cried Jim; "we're goin' to shivaree Ike and Car'line."

So absorbed was I with my miserable forebodings that I did not see Jim until he thus aroused me.

"Good gracious!" said I, "he isn't going to stay to be murdered, is he?"

"No," said Jim, evidently astonished at my state of mind; "we're goin' to make a powerful lot of noise though. It might kill him if he hadn't been married before."

"But, Nate?" I exclaimed, in a tone of anxious inquiry.

"Oh, Nate's got cooled off, so I reckon he'll know enough to look out for his own neck."

By the time that Jim was ready to start, I had decided to go with him, fearing Nate, on learning what was going on, might work himself into a passion.

At the old log church we found a crowd of men and boys with horns, cow bells, guns and every conceivable instrument for producing discordant, terrifying and torturing noises. The motley company, some on foot and some on horseback, presented a weird and mysterious appearance in the gathering gloom, and reminded me unpleasantly of the stories of the Ku-Klux, so familiar to one's ears in the early days succeeding the war of the Rebellion. As we left the clearing about the church the darkness of the forest became intense, and the prvailing heavy silence, but for the steady tramp of men and horses, and the occasional snapping of a twig, seemed to fill my very soul with a most portentous foreboding. After a time the heavy darkness, enshrouded and pressing down upon us like a suffocating pall, seemed to lift a little, and the thick darkness was succeeded by a comparative light. The dim outlines of those who were ahead loomed up in the gray gloom now surrounding us with exaggerated proportions. We were approaching Ike's clearing. Cautiously and silently we advanced toward the cabin whose dim outlines we now discerned. The old log house was dark and silent as the grave. I could not enter into sympathy with the rest of the crowd. A presentiment or intuition of impending evil seized me. Not a dog barked. No sign of life seemed to exist about the place. Suddenly, at a signal from the leader, the most unearthly, hideous noise filled the air and re-echoed far into the forest, seeming to my overwrought imagination to possess the very universe.

Just as I began to wonder if I had really met the eternal doom of the unconverted through some imperfection of creed, a door suddenly opened, a flood of light poured forth and the noise ceased.

"Come in, boys," Ike's good-natured voice exclaimed, as he slouched into the doorway. They were prepared for us. The dogs were still whining from fright inside, where they had been secured for the occasion.

As I entered, I beheld Nate in the foreground seated in a high-backed armchair, the seat of honor accorded the favored guest, holding a young Joslyn on each knee, the young stepmother standing modestly behind him, blushing and happy.—[Orange Judd Farmer.

OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE.

Proper Way to Address the Country's Dignitaries.

The United States is the only nation on earth without a fixed official etiquette. At every other capital from Pekin to Buenos Ayres there is an official of the government whose duty it is to see that social forms and precedents are adhered to and to give information to strangers on the subject when they apply for it. There is no such person in Washington. People who want information of this kind go to Mr. E. I. Renick, the brilliant young Georgian, the chief clerk of the State department, or to the superintendent of pnblic buildings and grounds, who acts in the place of a master of ceremcnies at the White House. The dean of the diplomatic corps is appealed to by new ministers when they come here, and he tells them what they are expected to do.

This fact creates no little confusion and is frequently the cause of much annoyance to well meaning people whose desire always is to do "the correct thing." The only precedent is custom, and usage, of course, is law in official affairs as it is in society, and what men have done men must do or be criticised for ignorance or indifference to custom.

If you desire to write to the president of the United States, your letters should be directed simply "To the President, Washington, D. C." In conversation he should be addressed as Mr. President. He should never be called or written to as "His Excellency." A similar rule applies to the vice-president.

Members of the cabinet should be addressed in conversation as "Mr. Secretary," "Mr. Attorney-General," or "Mr. Postmaster-General." In writing to a member of the cabinet, the letter should be addressed to "The Honorable, the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.," or "The Honorable, the Attorney-General, Washington, D. C." It is the custom to also call the assistant secretaries in the various executive departments "Mr. Secretary," the same as their chief.

"To the Honorable, the Chief Justice of the United States, Washington, D. C.", is the correct way to address that officer in writing; and in conversation, "Mr. Chief Justice." If you care to write to Judge Crisp, you should address his letter to "The Speaker of the House of Representatives," but if you are talking to him, you should say, Mr. Speaker.

There is a great deal of freedom used in communication with members of the congress, which is limited by the taste of the person involved or the familiarities of close acquaintance. The proper way to accost a member of the Senate is "Mr. Senator," and in writing him the letter should be addressed to "The Honorable Patrick Walsh, United States Senate, Washington, D. C." If you know him pretty well, you can address the letter as "My Dear Senator," but it is better to be formal and say "Sir."

Members of the House of Representatives are addressed thus: "The Honorable Henry G. Turner, House of Representatives, Washington. D. C."; but ordinarily in conversation, they should be called by their actual names, as "Mr. Cabaniss," or "Mr. Maddox," although nine out of ten of them have titles and are usually called "Governor," or "General," or "Judge."

The commonest and most frequent mistake made is to refer to the wife of a member of the cabinet as "Mrs. Secretary Lamont," or to the wife of a member of the senate as "Mrs. Senator Washburn." That is excessively vulgar, as Mrs Lamont is not a secretary nor is Mrs. Washburn a senator.—[Atlanta Journal.

Russet Oranges.

A little item in the New York Confectioners' Journal, in which golden russets and small dark russets are incidentally stated to be the best keeping oranges, has called to our mind a very general experience which we have never seen referred to in print. We buy for our own table consumption russet oranges in preference to bright oranges, and yet in our official work we are in constant receipt of requests from orange growers for methods of destroying the rust mite. The hardening of the skin of the orange from the work of the rust mite undoubtedly keeps them juicy, improves them for shipment, and retards decay. The selection of bright oranges was a fad among growers and wholesale buyers which did not last. The time has come when russet oranges for shipment command higher prices and when remedial treatment for the rust mite is only necessary for a great excess of this Acarid. The change in public opinion in this matter shows that utility governs even sentiment.—[Insect Life.

She (nestling up to him)—I know we are poor, papa, but Charlie says that love will make a way.

Her Father (grimly)—Yes, yes. It has made away with about eight tons of coal and $50 worth of gas in the last twelve months.—[Truth.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Defence--And Ethel Blushed--too Practical--Time To Build the Fire

A DEFENCE.

"So you are the man charged with counterfeiting?"

"Falsely, judge, falsely."

"But you were found with a counterfeit five dollar bill in your possession."

"I know it. But 'twas a case o' sentiment. Er five dollar bill happened ter drif' my way, an' me an' me partner went ter work an' made a picter of it, jes fur a souvenir."—[Washington Star.

AND ETHEL BLUSHED.

Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the dark and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' alone in the dark, I heard her say to him: "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved today."

TOO PRACTICAL.

"No, Herbert," she said in a low tone, "it is impossible. I fear to trust my future with you."

"And why?"

"I have watched your conduct closely. It lacks the mark of such devotion as my soul craves."

"Do I not come to see you four nights in the week?"

"Yes. But I have detected a calculating selfiishness in your nature which I fear."

"What do you mean?"

"You have never yet failed to leave in time to catch the last car."

"But that's only common sense."

"I know it is, Herbert; and therefore it is not love."—[Washington Star.

TIME TO BUILD THE FIRE.

Mrs. Striker—Don't you believe in the union of labor?

Mr. S.—Of course I do. Why, my dear, if there were no union of labor, the greed of capital with its iron heel would—

Mrs. S. (interrupting)—That's all right; suppose you get up and build the fire, and I'll cook the breakfast. —[Boston Journal.

HER DESCRIPTION.

She—You have met the beautiful Miss X., have you not? What do you think of her?

He—She is one of that sort of woman that any man could die for, but none could live with.—[Indianapolis Journal.

HIGH BRED.

"She seems to be infatuated with her little dog."

"Yes; she says he is just heavenly."

"Heavenly! Then he must be a skye terrier."—[New York Press.

AN ALIBI.

Mrs. Goodman—Johnny, is it true that you hit Bertie Knickerbocker in the eye?

Johnny—No, ma, I slugged the duffer in the neck.

HOW SPITEFUL.

First Lady—Do you know the Baron to-day paid me the compliment of saying that I looked as young as a girl of eighteen?

Second Ditto—Really? Then the report that the Baron is growing blind proves correct after all.

FOR FUTURE REQUIREMENT.

A woman went before the judge and modestly inquired: "Your Honor, can I have a warrant for the arrest of my husband? He boxed my ears yesterday."

Judge—Certainly, ma'am, I will make out a warrant on the ground of assault and personal injuries.

Woman—Can I fetch the warrant in about a month?

Judge—In a month? Why don't you take it at once?

Woman—Please, your honor, when my husband slapped my face I took my rolling pin and hit him on the head so that he had to be removed to the hospital. The doctors say, however, that he will be on his legs again in a month.—[Life.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

Suburban Boy—Mamma asked me what was my favorite flower, an' w'en I told her golden rod she said I was poetic. Wot does that mean?

Little Girl—I don't know. Why do you like the golden rod?

Suburban Boy—'Cause it grows without any bother.—[Good News.

THE CORRECT THING TO DO.

Keedick—Young Browne added the "e" to his name after he inherited his uncle's big fortune.

Fosdick—That's quite right. Rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.

WELL KNOWN.

"I want you to publish these poems in book-form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher.

Publisher—I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name.

Poet—That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken.

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"John Smith."—[Life.

AT HIS DISTANCE.

"Mr. Spooneys," she said, severely, edging over to the other end of the sofa, "I must ask you to keep your distance."

"So I shall, dear Miss Euphrasia," said Mr. Spooneys, edging over after her, "and my distance is about an inch and a half."—[Chicago Record.

THE COLONEL'S VICTORY.

Notwithstanding Col. Bangs is only a militia Colonel, and never had a title in his life until a year ago, he does not like to air his Colonelcy on all occasions, and for some time he has looked with disfavor upon the cards of his wife, which read, "Mrs. Col. Bangs." The other day she told him to order her some cards.

"Certainly, my dear," he responded, for the Colonel is as gallant to his wife as most men are to other women, "but if I do I shall have that 'Colonel' omitted."

"Oh, no," she protested; "what do you want that for?"

"Because it shouldn't be there."

"Why not! It is only a designation of who I am, and you are Col. Bangs, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Then why am I not Mrs. Col. Bangs?"

The Colonel bowed.

"For the same reason, my dear," he responded, "that when I was Mr. Bangs you were not Mrs. Mr. Bangs," and the Colonel won a victory.—[Detroit Free Press.

A FAIR RETURN.

"I wish it could be managed," said the man who had been thinking deeply. "It would be a magnificently humane enterprise."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"I was just thinking that it would be a great thing if the explorers in polar regions would send down a relief expedition for the benefit of us people here.—[Washington Star.

ON THE ALERT.

Potter—Why didn't you join us in our hunting trip?

Blair—Well, I'm not much of a hunter, and I was afraid you might make game of me.—[Truth.

DISOBEYING FASHION'S DECREE.

Fanny—Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty?

Nanny—No. What is it like?

Fanny—Wearing your old silk dress with the tight sleeves.—[Judge.

THE BICYCLE STOOP.

Bender—I have made the trip from New York to Philadelphia on a bicycle, and have orders to write it up for a magazine. Wonder where I can get a good horse?

Friend—What on earth do you want with a horse?

Bender—I must repeat the trip in a carriage, so as to get an idea of the scenery, you know.—[New York Weekly.

BUSINESS.

Mabel—Do you notice how attentive Tom Terrapin is to that elderly Miss Grotox? I wonder if he really means business.

Maude—There is certainly little about her to lead one to suppose that he means anything else.—[Brooklyn Life.

MORE PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

The stately steamer ploughed its way through the blue waves of Lake Michigan.

"Oh, Horace!" moaned the young bride who a moment before had paced the deck with smiling face and lovelit eye, the happiest of the happy. "I feel so queer! Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace hastily. "Lean over the side of the steamer."—[Chicago Tribune.

AN IMPERFECT PARADISE.

Hungry Higgins—How would you like to live in one of them South Sea Islands, where all a feller has to do to git his grub is to knock it off the trees with a club?

Weary Watkins—Say, won't it fall off if he will lay down under the tree and wait long enough?—[Indianapolis Journal.

TAUGHT HIM HIS ERROR.

His Mother—Johnny, always remember what I told you. When you see any little boy showing anger, take him aside and make him feel that he is wrong. Did you do so yesterday with naughty Tommy Tubbs?

Johnny—Yes, indeed, I did. I punched him good, too.—[Chicago Record.

Antiquity of the Alphabet.

According to Philippe Berger's book entitled "Historie de l'Ecritus dans l'Antiquite," the alphabet was invented about the year 1500 B. C., that invented by the Phoenicians being without doubt the oldest of all the forms of expressing thought or sounds by character. Originally it and all other alphabets were simply a series of hieroglyphics or picture-characters, the idea of an elephant or an ox being expressed by rude sketches of such animals; abbreviations being in the form of a pair of tusks, horns, etc. Professor Auer says that, taking both the ancient and modern alphabets into account, as many as 400 different sets of characters, hieroglyphics and letters may be enumerated; that these are all outgrowths of the Phoenician mode of mutely expressing thought or sound, and that if we should set aside slight variations of form, the grand total of 400 alphabets would dwindle immediately to less than fifty.

The best oriental scholars have given it as their opinion that the original Phoenician alphabet was composed of but sixteen characters, yet it is known that it contained at least twenty-one and probably twenty-two at the time when it was adopted by the Greeks. Why or by whom these extra characters were invented, or why such an addition was necessary, has never been explained.—[St. Louis Republic.

It is computed that the English language is now spoken by fully 125,000,000 people.

Park @ E. Ridge St. + area South.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. July 26.

THE RACKET

No. 9 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

Leader in Dry Goods.
Leader in Notions.
Leader in Novelties.
Leader in Shoes.
Leader in Everything.

:——:

Our Specialties.....

Botany Dress Goods Department.
Vantine Department.
Oak Cemical Department.
Butterick Pattern and Publication Department.
"New Idea" Pattern Department.
Housekeeper's Department.
Whiting Stationary Department.
Hall's Legal Blank Department.
Rogers' Silverware Department.

:——:

They say, "The Racket" is up to date. What do U say?

:——:

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

PERSONAL.

——Squire J. C. Boal transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

——Mrs. Dr. J. W. Ward, of Bellefonte, visited her mother, Mrs. Stiver, last week.

——Henry Rossman, the undertaker at Tusseyville, was in town on Monday.

——Mrs. Linnie Ruble, of State College, visited D. B. Brisbin's family last week.

——Mr. William Jacobs, of Shingletown, is on a visit to his son, Dr. W. A. Jacobs.

——Candidate for Jury Commissioner, John D. Decker, was in town Monday morning.

——Sumner Hosterman started in on Monday at Dr. Wolf's school at Spring Mills.

——Mrs. Vance McCormick, of Montandon, with her children, arrived on Monday evening.

——Rev. Baskerville returned home last week, after an absence of about five weeks in Iowa.

——Miss Sowers, of Bellefonte, visitited her friend, Miss Jennie Odenkirk several days last week.

——Mr. L. Van Pelt and granddaughter, Miss Speed, of Ithica, N. Y. and visiting at E. G. Van Pelt's.

——Mr. John Ross, of Petersburg, gave us a call. He tells us the hay crop over there is not as good as here.

——Dr. Shady Harter, of Millheim's representative citizens, was a prominent visitor in Centre Hall on Tuesday.

——Miller Goodhart and Misses Lettie Ross and Mary Goodhart spent Sunday with friends over at Hublersburg.

——Frank Lukenbach, of Philipsburg, and Miss Kate Bullock, of Bellefonte, spent Monday with friends in Centre Hall.

——Miss Maggie Gilliland, daughter of Mr. Joseph Gilliland, of New Bloomfield, Pa., is visiting among friends in this vicinity.

——Harry Camp, of Milroy, one of our former boys, circulated around here among old friends several days of last week.

——Witmer Smith came up from Williamsport last Friday, and spent several days with his parents, returning on Tuesday.

——Mrs. Prof. H. F. Bitner and children, of Millersville, Pa., arrived last week for a visit with Mrs. Bitner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Murray.

——Harry Yearick and family, of Philadelphia, have been visiting in the valley the past several weeks and last week were the guests of his sister, Mrs. W. B. Mingle.

——Andy Reesman took a sudden departure for Plainfield, Ill., to join his family. It is said he has some intention of removing to Illinois and go into business there, but none hope it shall be so.

——J. Whit. McCormick was in the vicinity looking up old friends this and last week. He is now located at Charleston, South Carolina, in an extensive undertaking establishment, and holds a good position. He will return again on Aug. 1. He says he likes the south, and has become acclimated.

——Our nominee for Assembly, Robert Foster was around last week seeing friends, and to become acquainted. His friends are many; being good-looking, genial, intelligent and a Democrat of the straightest sect, it could not be otherwise. He tells us he feels hopeful of his election, and we told him there was no fail in that. The Fosters are all sterling, working Democrats and the best of citizens, and to send Bob to the legislature is a deserved recognition.

SAMUEL J. HERRING.

Death of that Useful Citizen on Tuesday after a Long Illness.

The readers of the REPORTER will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Samuel J. Herring, one of the most estimable citizens of Gregg township, and favorably known all over the county. Mr. Herring died on Tuesday last, at his home at Penn Hall, after an illness of several weeks. He showed signs of failing health for over a year.

Mr. Herring was a graduate of Pennsylvania College, and a gentleman of large intelligence, quick and sound judgment, and of the strictest honesty and integrity. He was a consistent member of the Lutheran church all his life-time, and a Christian in every sense of the word. As a citizen and neighbor he was eminently useful and all that a community could desire. He never swerved from what he deemed was the right.

Mr. Herring for over a quarter of a century was a justice of the peace; in the discharge of the duties of that position he was ever impartial and fair, and his thorough knowledge of the law gave his decisions accuracy. For a long term of years he was one of the most useful members of the Board of Directors of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Centre county, and has been its vice president for many years.

A good and useful citizen has departed. All who knew him respected him. That community will deeply feel their loss.

His funeral will take place on this, Thursday morning, from his late residence. Interment will be made in the Heckman cemetery. His age was about 65 years.

It may be worthy of note in this connection to state that the grandfather of the deceased filled the office of justice of the peace, and was succeeded by his son and father of Samuel J. Herring, the latter succeeding his father, and up to this time served the office uninterruptedly for about thirty-five years, and the position was ably filled by father, son and grandson, successfully for nearly one hundred years.

A Great Farmers Meeting.

There will open at Williams' Grove, Cumberland county, Pa., thirteen miles southwest of Harrisburg, August 27th, the largest agricultural exhibition ever held in the Middle Atlantic States. The exhibits alone will cover over 30 acres of ground. Three meetings will be held daily in the large Auditorium, which will be addressed by speakers of national reputation. President Cleveland will be in attendance if official duties will permit. The Secretary of Agriculture will be glad to meet the practical farmers of the country on this occasion. There will be free concerts, musical and literary entertainments every evening during the week. All who can should attend this great exhibition. For full information relative to exhibit space, cottages and tents, write R. H. Thomas, general manager, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Excursions over all railroads, one fare the round trip.

May Get Into Trouble.

Citizens of Tyrone are displeased with the doings of the boro council. They are spending money uselessly on jobs and for the benefit of some of the members of council. There is talk now, we learn from the papers, of having an injunction served to stop payment of such jobs. Tyrone is not alone in having councilmen who are getting up jobs to benefit themselves by spending money on illegal work. Violation of oath seems to be a small matter with some officials.

Fire at Mifflinburg.

Mr. M. L. Stunk, of Mifflinburg, will never again try the experiment of destroying chicken lice with fire. The burning process was tried on Wednesday of last week, with the result of a consumed hen house, wagon shed, etc. The barn, containing this year's crops, was on fire several times but was saved by the heroic efforts of the bucket brigade. Fully insured.

Will Get a Call.

The congregations of the Centre Hall Lutheran charge are likely to extend a call to Rev. Rearick, of Rebersburg, to become their pastor. The reverend gentleman preached sermons in most of these churches, which favorably impressed the members, and there seems to be a general desire to have him come here.

New Township.

The commission appointed to form a new township from parts of Boggs and Snow Shoe townships met for that purpose last Monday. It is composed of Messrs. Jesse Cleaver, John Hoy, Jr., and John Holmes.

Opens for Business.

The Newton Hamilton camp-meeting will begin on August 14th and continue until the 24th.

—The Sea Shore Excursion via P. R. R. August 1st, promises to be very popular.

—Take the Sea Shore Excursion via Penna. R. R., August 1st.

A PARK IN TOWN.

Centre Hall to Have a Convenient and Beautiful Resort.

The beautiful woods in the lower part of town, is to be turned into a regular park, as we are informed by Mr. Isaac Smith.

The park will be fitted up with a view to leasing to picnic parties, organization encampments, and the like. Mr. Smith is about to erect a neat fence on the front facing Main Street. The entrance will be provided with a suitable gateway, arched and lettered in bold characters, "Witmer Park," in honor of Henry Witmer, one of the pioneers of the town, and the former owner of the woods.

The inside will be provided with seats, needed booths, kitchen shed, and other necessary conveniences, for picnic and camping parties.

The woods cover probably six or eight acres, with trees of fine foliage and shade. A pleasanter and more inviting spot can not be found in the county for such as seek summer pleasure in that kind of an outing.

BIG PICNIC.

The P. O. S. of A. of the District to Picnic at Centre Hall.

We are informed by Mr. Isaac Smith owner of the woods at the lower end of town, that the Patriotic Order Sons of America, of the district, composed of all lodges of the order in Centre county, have made araangements with him to hold their next annual picnic in the beautiful grove in this place, on Friday, Aug. 10.

The order will have a restaurant on the grounds for meals and refreshments. Bands, a big parade of the order, speaking, and other attractions will be on the program. The day promises to be a big one, and many people are expected.

Broke Up.

The Centre Hall young folks who were encamped on top of Nittany mountain last week, broke up "housekeeping" on Saturday, after spending a week pleasantly 500 feet higher than our village. They had a pleasant time, plenty of good things to eat, lots of welcome visitors from different sections, and an occasional serenade from mosquitoes, who left marks of having been there. The young people seemed to enjoy the outing and there was nothing to mar the pleasures of the week's stay within sight of the town. A week can be put in thus with more real pleasure than at the sea shore, and with far less expense.

Want Water Works.

Mifflinburg is just at present in the throes of despond over the action of three of their moss-back councilmen voting against a system of water works, although petitions with about two-thirds the tax-payers in the borough wanted it. The water question will be the issue at their next municipal election when three councilmen will wonder what struck them. The town absolutely depends on wells and cisterns, and wants to get in line with towns of even smaller size, but their all-knowing councilmen prevent them from advancing.

What it Cost the State.

Warrants were issued from the adjutant general's department on Thursday to pay the troops for their trip to Punxsutawney. The aggregate sum is $25,563.57. This is what it cost the state to quell the disturbance at that one point. Strikes always make a big hole in the public funds, and never add to the funds of the strikers.

Not a Success.

The return postal card, that is, the double one with the prepared attachment for the answer, is a failure, as the postoffice authorities predicted that it would be, and although only 12,000,000 of them were printed several years ago, the demand has been so small that the greater part still remains on hand.

Married.

At residence of Mr. William Lee, at Tusseyville, on last Sunday, Rev. C. H. Goodling, of the Evangelical church, united in marriage Mr. Chas. C. Gettig, of Linden Hall, and Miss Lillian V. Fleisher, of Tusseyville's fair young ladies.

Prices.

Hay is selling at $8 per ton. Wheat at 55 cents per bushel, rye at 50 cents; these prices for new crop. Old wheat is worth 60 cents. Oats is likely to be a fair price, as the crop will be under the average.

Changed the Name.

A gentleman fond of company built himself a country residence, and named it Come-and-see-me. This brought him callers plenty as snow flakes, and he changed the name to Not-at-home.

—Lewins, Bellefonte, has the most experienced cutter in these parts and at his establishment you can be suited in a manner befitting a prince, and at a reasonable price.

—The excursion to the Sea Shore via Penna. R. R., August 1st, will no doubt be well patronized considering the unusually low rates and the facilities offered.

TWO YEARLING TROUT.

The Time it takes for a Trout to Reach a Good Size.

The time for a trout to become full-grown, is put down by professors of fishology, at three years, and the length from ten to twelve inches. Trout that grow to fifteen inches and longer, would reach the latter size in about five years.

Two years ago Jacob Shearer, the farmer near this place, put a can of trout fry into his spring and run formed by it. These trout, Mr. Shearer informs us, are now from six to seven inches in length, and in our opinion they will be ten inches in another year. Mr. Shearer says that muskrats commit havoc with the trout, and that another annoyance from the same pest is the holes they dig in the banks of his ponds, let the water out, and leave it too low for the good of the fish. So the muskrats are the only drawback he finds in raising trout.

Mountain Fires.

Last week's hot weather caused considerable uneasiness to the people of Madisonburg and farmers in that vicinity on account of the mountain fires. The mountains in that section were burning fiercely, and everything being parched, farmers watched their fields lest a spark set the dry grass and grain stubble on fire and destroy their crops.

The people of Madisonburg turned out largely to fight the fire from the mountain which was nearing their village. Through their watchfulness the fire was kept from the houses.

A Full House.

During the past six months the county jail has been filled with boarders, says the *Daily News*. There has been an average of about sixteen inmates during that time. This is an unusual record and Sheriff Condo says it keeps them busy cooking for such a large list. During Sheriff Ishler's term there were very few prisoners in the jail at any time and often only one or two. It looks as though criminals were getting plentier in Centre county or else the officials were becoming more vigilant.

Dunnstown Centennial.

One hundred years ago Dunnstown, Clinton county, Pa., was laid out. To commemorate the founding of the town and to honor the memory of its founder, William Dunn, a Centennial celebration will be held in the village Wednesday afternoon, September 5th, 1894. T. C. Hipple, Esq., a leading member of the Clinton county bar, will deliver the Centennial address at 2.30 p. m. All who take pride and interest in the development of the country are invited to participate in the celebration.

Dry Weather.

From Mifflin county and all parts of the state, up to last week, something like the following wail went up: The dry weather still continues, causing the oats to ripen very fast. The potatoes are suffering. The corn leaves all roll up during the day and pasture is very short, and yet if rain comes in a week it will still save the corn, but the potatoes are in a sad plight most everywhere in the valley.

Inklings.

Since we found his pipe, Puff can puff again.

The weather was hot-ten-tot as well as hot-an-dry.

To keep cool, get into the refrigerator, or camp on an ice-berg.

You sleep with a cleaner conscience if you subscribe for your own paper and pay for it, instead of borrowing your neighbor's. Try it.

Drew Them too Fast.

John Rourke, a former supervisor of Carbon township, Huntingdon county, was arrested on Friday last and placed in jail on the charge of issuing bogus orders amounting to $160 on the township. He sold the orders to John Mulvahill, who in turn sold them to Philip Brown, of Huntingdon.

At Last.

The electric railway in Philipsburg and adjoining towns is now a settled fact. The money has all been raised and it has been decided to put the power house at Philipsburg. The residents over the mountain are consequently rejoicing.

Just Got Out.

There is a man in Snyder county who is forty-five years of age and was never in a church till Sunday, June 28. Perhaps it is not the man's fault. Perhaps there were no churches in Snyder county heretofore.

Greatly Improved.

M. B. Richard is improving his residence down street, and it is neat and cozy enough looking for a prince. Fine taste is seen all around the premises.

—The low rates offered by the P. R. R., for a Seashore Excursion August 1st, are unparalleled. Don't miss the opportunity as it may be the last.

—The low rate offered by the Penna. R. R. for a trip to the Sea Shore August 1st, is consistent to the times. No one should miss this opportunity.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GRAND BAND TOURNAMENT.

A Movement to Form an Organization in this Section.

The Bellefonte band is making preparations to hold a Grand Band Tournament and contest in Hecla Park, on the line of the Central Railroad of Penna., Thursday, Aug. 30th, 1894. The first date announced was September 6th, but as that conflicts with a reunion of the Knights of the Golden Eagles, at Altoona, the time is changed to Aug. 30th.

The Tournament will include annual Tournament; after that the grand contest. There will be three pieces for the contest; 1 Overture, 1 march, 1 selection, all the bands having the same pieces. The method of deciding the contest will be perfectly fair; the judges decide by number, not seeing the bands at all. After the contest there will be dancing and a social good time the balance of the evening. Dinner, supper, and all kinds of refreshments will be on the ground at reasonable rates, Don't forget the date. For further particulars address

WM. T. MEYER,
Musical Director Bellefonte Band.

A Spirited Rivalry.

Bellefonte now has the choice of several resorts out of the town where picnics, etc., can be held. They have for several years favored Hunters Park, along the Buffalo Run R. R. with their patronage, but since the Central R. R. of Pa., has been started, parks have been fixed up both at Hecla and Clintondale. The opening of the last mentioned has caused the two companies to hustle after patronage and a cheap rate can soon be expected. Agents were in Centre Hall last week trying to induce Sunday schools in this place to picnic at Hunters Park, but owing to its distance from here it is not likely any school will take a day off and go up there.

What Hairpins are Good for

A naughty exchange says there is scarcely anything a woman cannot do with a hairpin. They use it to pick their teeth, button shoes, clean finger nails, punch bed bugs out of cracks, fasten up stray bangs, clean out their husband's pipe, scratch their head, pick their toe nails, run it into cakes to see if they are done, and about a million other things that the poor deluded men know nothing at all about.

A Successful Institution.

A catalogue of the Bunker Hill, Ill., Military Academy, for 1894, is upon our table. Rev. S. L. Stiver, A. M., a native of this valley, is the proprietor and superintendent. The catalogue is illustrated and its pages show a successful institution as we are pleased to note.

Cooler Weather.

Last week's scorching heat ended with the close of the week, and since Saturday we had quite cool weather. Light rains set in before the close of last week which refreshed vegetation somewhat and opened the shriveled corn leaves. Monday afternoon it began to rain which became quite brisk before night.

Crops Short.

Northumberland county and Buffalo valley in Union county report crops short. Along the river districts the flood washed out the fields, and in the higher districts the drought caused injury to crops.

Farmers Pleased.

Our farmers are pleased this year—they had the finest kind of weather for haymaking and harvest, not a sprinkle to interfere with the work or dampen the crop, and, besides, both crops are good.

Grangers Picnic.

The annual Grangers picnic at Centre Hall will be held this year in Grange Park beginning on Monday, September 17th and continue until the 22nd, through the week.

Must be Paid.

The supreme court last week decided that borough and township auditors are entitled to compensation for their labor in connection with the preparing of tickets under the Baker ballot law used at the February elections, the county being liable for the same.

—The popular Russet shoe will be in greater favor than ever this year. We have them in all styles, shapes, and shades, at prices to correspond.—Mingle's, Bellefonte.

—Remember the tickets for the P. R. R. Excursion to the Sea Shore points are good for ten days, giving plenty of time to enjoy the trip.

Deaths.

On the 14th inst., after a brief illness with typhoid fever, Miss Bertie May, daughter of Wilson and Mary M. Haines, of near Aaronsburg, aged 14 years, 10 months and 22 days. Remains were interred at Wolfe's Chapel.

Mr. Augustus Montgomery died at his home near Howard on Tuesday, at the advanced age of 67 years.

Mrs. John Strunk died at her home below Howard on Tuesday, of dropsy. She leaves a husband and seven children.

Ephriam Morrison, of Reedsville, died at his home in that place Tuesday evening from something like rheumatism, he having been unwell for some time.

Pay Your Subscription.

A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each case for the amount of each claim. Of these twenty-eight made affidavit that they owned no more than the law allowed them, thus preventing attachments. Then under the decision of the supreme court they were arrested for petit larceny, and bound over in the sum of $300 each. All but six gave the bonds. The postal laws make it petit larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Short Items.

Thermometer last Friday was 97 in the shade in this town.

Berries were scarce in this valley—huckleberries, blackberries and raspberries did not come to half a crop.

Bellefonte is paying 55 cents for new wheat and 50 for rye.

The steam thresher is on the road, and keeps up a racket threshing crops.

Burned by the Strikers.

Another tipple was burned on Friday night by striking miners near Osceola, and the homes of miners who went to work, were bombarded with stones by the strikers who would not return to work. The ringleader and eighteen of the rioters were arrested by the sheriff, and taken to the Clearfield jail, where they will find that their reward will be fine and imprisonment.

—Everything in the shoe line can be had at Mingles, Bellefonte. Large stock, and all panic prices, too.

—A postal card to the Registrar, will bring the 120 page year book, showing the five departments—College, Academy, Ladies' Institute, Music School and Art Department, and cuts of the ten buildings of Bucknell University, at Lewisburg, Pa. Next year begins September 13, 1894.

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat	52
Rye	50
Corn	45
Oats new	35
Barley	45
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	12
Eggs	12
Lard	8
Shoulders	12
Ham	14
Tallow	4
Potatoes	25
Sides	8

Your Husband's Dollar."

An increase in the purchasing power of your husband's dollar is worthy of consideration,

.....isn't it?

It's worth while reading what we have to say when by so doing you save your husband's dollar.

....,isn't it?

Commencement Furnishings,

DRESSES, FANS, GLOVES, LACES, HOSIERY, RIBBONS. HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

Watch the pretty girls in the Opera---the chic little bonnets furnished by GARMAN'S.

AN IMMENSE LINE of Children's Hats at

GARMAN'S - - - - - - STORE....